Cambria Freeman.

M. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

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VOLUME VII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1873. NUMBER 26.

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The undersigned takes pleasure in informing the Farmers of Cambria county that he has secured the agency for

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THE ORIGINAL AND UNSURPASSABLE

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a simply constructed and light-running machine. Over 100,000 now in use, with a yearly sale of from 10,000 to 12,000; and last, but not least, the

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the most simple and lightest draught machine in use. Has no cog wheels, universal shafts, or bolts or pieces.

THE SUPERIOR!

Exhibition at the Johnstown Exposition Grounds, where it was admired by all good judges of mach ines.

Persons wishing to purchase the best MOWER AND REAPER in the market are invited to call and leave their orders early with the undersigned. GEO. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, June 6, 1873.-tf.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.

Parlor Stoves,

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I have recently taken possession of the new- and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite Mountain House, the subscriber is now better than ever to manufacture all kinds of TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE, all of which will be furnished to customers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and complete assortment of

Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order on short notice, and put up in the most perfect manner. All manner of REPAIRING promptly attended to. All work done by me will be done right and warranted, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and will be sold low as the lowest. A continuance of the public patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.

Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

THE BLAIRITZIN HOTEL,

BLAIRITZIN STATION, PA. R. R.

This house has been purchased, refitted and refurnished and is now a well known and commodious stopping place. The subscriber is fully prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage, and respectfully invites the attention of the citizens of Cambria and Blair counties to the same. Neither expense or pains will be spared to make all feel at home who sojourn with him. TERMS MODERATE.

M. FITZHARRIS, Proprietor.

April 4, 1873.-tf.

LOOK HERE!

The undersigned desires to inform the citizens of Chest Springs and vicinity that he has Bought from Jas. A. Littlefield his BLACKSMITH SHOP. Stock and Tools, and will do a general business in all its branches. Special attention paid to Horse Shoeing. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

Produce taken in exchange for work.

WM. H. JONES.

Chest Springs, April 5, 1873.-3* [11-6m.]

THE NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY,

Main street, opposite Union School House, Ebensburg.—M. M. O'NEILL & Co., Saddles and Harness made and repaired. Saddles and Harness made and repaired in the most workmanlike manner, on the shortest notice, and all other work in my line executed in a workmanlike manner, on the shortest notice, and reasonable rates. [1-12.-tf.]

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In all cases of sudden cold, however taken, these TABLETS should be promptly and freely used. They equalize the circulation of blood, mitigate the severity of the attack, and will, in a very short time, restore healthy action to the affected organs.

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THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN JURUBEBA BLOOD PURIFIER

Is the most powerful cleanser, strengthener and remover of Glandular Obstructions known to *Materia Medica*.

It is specially adapted to constitutions "worn down" and debilitated by the warm weather of Spring and Summer, when the blood is not in active circulation, consequently gathering impurities from sluggishness and imperfect action of the secretive organs, and is manifested by Tumors, Eruptions, Blotches, Boils, Pustules, Scrofula, &c., &c.

When weary and languid from overwork, and dullness, drowsiness and inertia take the place of energy and vigor, the system needs a *Tonic* to build it up and help the Vital Forces to regain their recuperative ower.

In the heat of Summer frequently the *Liver* and *Spleen* do not properly perform their functions; the Uterine and Urinary Organs are inactive, producing weakness of stomach and intestines and a predisposition to bilious derangement.

Dr. Well's EXTRACT OF JURUBEBA is prepared directly from the SOUTH AMERICAN PLANT, and is peculiarly suited to all those difficulties; it will cleanse the VITIATED BLOOD, strengthen the LIFE-GIVING POWERS, and REMOVE ALL OBSTRUCTIONS from IMPAIRED AND ENFEEBLED Organs.

It should be freely taken, as Jurubeba is pronounced by medical writers the most efficient PURIFIER, TONIC and DEOBSTRUENT known in the whole range of medical plants.

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"CAMPHORINE" cures every pain, etc. Try it. Sold by all druggists. REUBEN HOYT, Proprietor, New York.

MONEY-MAKING BOOKS FOR SUMMER CANVASSING AGENTS AND SALESMEN, ATTENTION! Bryant's *Library of Poetry and Song; The New Housekeeper's Manual*, by Miss Beecher and Mrs. Stowe. Both selling fast and far. Exclusive territory; liberal terms. J. B. FORD & CO., New York, Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco.

OCEAN'S STORY:

Or, Triumphs of Thirty Centuries: By F. B. Goodrich (son of "Peter Parley") *and E. Howland.* A work of great historical research recounting in *truly graphic* style the wonderful growth of navigation and history of discovery since the flood; replete with *incidents, thrilling adventures, battles, shipwrecks, mutinies, piracies, etc.* Describes how from the first tiny bark, when ocean was the dark realms of *terrors*, sails now whiten every sea, lightning flashes tidings from shore to shore, and men bring up wonders from deep waters, with many other matters of *lively* interest, which go to make up one of the most VALUABLE, FASCINATING and REMARKABLE productions of the age. Over 200 spirited illustrations. AGENTS WANTED. For circulars and terms address HUBBARD BROS., Publishers, Philad'a.

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NUMEROUS TESTS HAVE PROVED

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WATER WHEEL!

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Pamphlet free. Address

YORK, PA.

SHERIFF'S SALE

BY virtue of a writ of Vend. Expon., issued out of the Court of Comuron Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Benford House, Johnstown, on FRIDAY, the 1ST DAY OF AUGUST next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit: All the right, title and interest of Herman Coleman, of, in and to a lot ground in the Sixth Ward, Johnstown Borough, Cambria County, fronting on Napoleon street and adjoining lots of Daniel Pullinger and Adam Fockler, having thereon erected a two-story plank house, now in the occupancy of Herman Coleman. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John Schmidt, for use of John Dibert & Co., now for use of David Dibert.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, July 3, 1873.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Estate of JOHN SCHERDON, deceased. Letters of Administration on the estate of JOHN SCHERDON, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate of decedent are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.

JAMES SCHERDON, Administrator.

Clearfield Twp., June 20, 1873.-6t.*

Estate Notice.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION on the Estate of MICHAEL MCCARTY, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that payment of their respective accounts must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. JOHN H. DOUGLASS,

Clearfield Twp., June 13, 1873.-6t.* Adm'r.

Don't Sit Around Waiting for Luck.

Ho! ye who listless and moping
Sit dismally twirling your thumbs,
And gloomily waiting and watching
For something that thus never comes;
You might just as well, foolish mortals,
Expect you'll by lightning be struck;
One will happen as soon as the other—
Don't stand around waiting for luck!

There's a saying—a good one and true—
(Take courage, you poor one who delves
With a stout heart so bravely) that "Heaven
Will help those who first help themselves;"
And you'll find, if you wish for good fortune,
A pretty good way is to tuck
Up your shirt-sleeves and start out and find it—
Don't sit around waiting for luck!

You may pine and mope on forever—
Find fault and deplore your hard fate—
But you'd better remember the proverb
And act on it ere it's too late;
You may pout and grumble forever—
Just so long you will find you are stuck
In the mire of sloth and abasement—
Don't sit around waiting for luck!

There is wealth to be had—go and seek it!
And with it get honor and fame;
By the sweat of your brow you can gain them,
And carve for yourself a proud name;
But to do this takes tact and ambition,
Persistency, hope—and some pluck.
Are you ready?—then lose not a moment!
Don't sit around waiting for luck!

FIGHTING FOR A WIFE.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

About a quarter of a mile below the city of Brunswick, on the bold precipitous banks of the Bariton, is a singularly interesting cave. The entrance, just at high water mark, is small and narrow, and the two perpendicular rocks, on either side support the hill, appear to have been forced assunder by a convulsion of nature.

The cave itself has the appearance of having been excavated by human hands although it is doubtless the result of the continued suction of the water. The room is formed of soft red rock, through which the water is constantly percolating; its dimensions are as near as I can remember, about twelve feet by five.

Years ago, before deposits of sand which forms the floor had accumulated, the river at high tide flowed in and filled the cave to the depth of several feet, forming a snug hiding place and safe harbor; and if tradition speaks truly, the tiny bark of the Indian and the light canoe of the painted warrior, has often sought its friendly shelter.

Not to the poor Indian alone has it offered a secure retreat, for at the period at which we write, although its existence was little known, it was occupied on several occasions by the persecuted rebels.

The hill above which slopes gradually to the bank of the precipice, was covered with a dense growth of cedar, white pine and dogwood, and in many places, the surface, entirely from underbrush, was carpeted with a deep green sward.

The view afforded by the elevation, the shady dells and defiles, combined with the wildness of the scenery with which nature has so highly endowed it, renders this spot as well as its immediate vicinity, beautiful and highly romantic.

As the shades of twilight gathered over the waters, a light skiff, propelled by a single paddle; approached the southern shore a short distance below the cave. As it touched the bank, a stout, tall, handsome formed youth stepped quickly to the shore, and was about to secure his little craft to a projecting root when a tramp of horses was heard in the distance. Quick as thought he sprang back into the fragile barque, guiding it with the dexterity and slight caution of an Indian, directed his course towards the cave. In a few minutes he had reached the entrance, and the skiff with its living head was soon hidden from view.

He had apparently secreted himself, when a party of British dragoons rode up to the bank above, and dismounting they picketed their horses, threw their arms upon the grass and commenced preparations for a bivouac. After building a fire, and taking a careless survey of the grotnd, they opened their haversacks and commenced the evening meal. For some time the silence was broken by an occasional and unimportant remark. The canteens were put in requisition, and growing warm in their potations, they became boisterous in their mirth. One boasted of his many hair-breadth escapes, and wonderful exploits, another related legends of a soldier's love, while a third with a bold martial air, wakened the slumbering echoes and frightened the night birds from their perch.

At length, wearied with their hilarious efforts, and their canteens nearly emptied, their conversation turned upon the business of the following day. Among other things, the officer, a vulgar looking lieutenant, informed his companions that in one of his forays, he had fallen in with a country lass whose charms had made sad havoc in his heart, but all his compliments and ardent expressions of admiration had been received with contemptuous scorn; and, that when taking leave he had attempted to snatch a kiss from her rosy lips, she had dealt him such a hearty box on the ear, that his head fairly rang again. He had resolved to humble the proud beauty, and to accomplish this end he proposed to his troops, that they should assist him in bearing her from home.

"Old Demarset," said he, "is rich and his cellar is stocked with rare old wines; his money and wines shall be your booty—I will content myself with the charms of his pretty daughter. Ha, my lads, what say you? You take the gold and ransack the cellar and I will bear away the pretty Mary?"

Elated with the prospects of filling their pockets with the "root of all evil," and replenishing their exhausted canteens with good liquor, the soldiers insisted upon making the attack that very night; and after draining the last drop to the success of the enterprise, they laid down on the grass to rest till midnight.

Scarcely had they composed themselves to sleep, when John Van Cleef—who seated in his skiff with his head out of the cave, had overheard the whole, floated silently down with the tide, keeping close in the deep shadow of the bank, and landed a short distance below the soldiers.

When he was interrupted by the approaching dragoons, he was on his way to visit the house of Mr. Demarset, whose daughter had promised to become his bride as soon as the war should close.

He delayed but a moment to examine the priming of his rifle, and to form an estimate of their number, and then borne upon the wings of anxious love, hurried across the country, and soon reached the house of his father-in-law elect, which was about three miles from New Brunswick. Here he unfolded the whole plot, Demarset, who was a true rebel, immediately armed himself, his two sons and three negroes, and determined to defend his family altar to the last; and the youth swore to live or die by his betrothed.

They had scarcely time to make the necessary arrangement for defence when the party arrived and demanded admittance and shelter for the night, which was flatly refused. The demand was repeated, accompanied by a threat of violence if their request was not acceded to.

Their answer was a shout of defiance from those within, and a shout of warning to retire or suffer the consequence.

The soldiers laughed at the warning, and one of them who attempted to force open the door, was shot through the head by one of the negroes.

This somewhat dampened the ardor of the soldiers, who expected to meet with no resistance, but the plunder was too valuable to be abandoned without an effort, then began an assault in earnest, and after losing two more of their number succeeded in forcing an entrance, but the family had retired to an inner-room, and having barricaded the door, all efforts to force it proved unavailing.

After deliberating a few seconds two of the soldiers went out and returned with a rail, with which they soon battered the door down, receiving as it fell, the fire of the party within, which did much execution.

A desperate hand to hand encounter ensued, in which one of the negroes got killed and the heroic defenders wounded more or less, except one of the brothers.

The soldiers fought furiously; fired with the hope of booty and burning to revenge their dead comrades, their attack was most furious; and the besieged family battling for their lives met their foe with bravery.

Van Cleef, although bleeding profusely from a sabre cut across the forehead, wielded his weapon with almost superhuman energy, contesting every inch of ground with the maddened assailants.

The tide was turning in favor of the dragoons, when the officer springing forward to seize the girl who had swooned from fright, allowed himself to be put off his guard, receiving a tremendous blow from Van Cleef's rifle, which stretched him lifeless on the floor.

Dismayed by the death of their leader, the dragoons fled, leaving nine of their number dead on the spot.

All the Demarset family recovered of their wounds, and Van Cleef, as soon as peace was declared, was rewarded with the hand he had so nobly defended, and judging from the numerical force of the Van Cleef family in New Jersey, it is fulfilled to the letter the scripture injunction—"increase and multiply."

A GENTLEMAN whose morning dram has been a little too much for him, in saddling his horse, got the saddle wrong end foremost. Just as he was about to mount, a German friend came up and called his attention to the mistake. The horseman gazed for a moment at the intruder, as if in deep thought, and then said: "You let that saddle alone; how do you know which way I am going?" and the gentleman from Germany passed on.

PEOPLE who are all the time seeking and sighing for something new, should run the *neuralgia* for a trip or two.

AFEARED OF A GALL.

Oh, darn* it all—afeared of her,
And such a mite of a gall!
Why, two of her rolled into one
Won't ditto sister Sall.
Her voice is sweet as the whipporwill's,
And the sunshine's in her hair;
But I'd rather face a redskin's knife,
Or the grip of a grizzly bear.
Yet Sall says, "She's such a dear,
She's just the one for you."
Oh, darn it all!—afeared of a gall,
And me just six feet two!

Though she ain't any size, while I'm
Considerable tall,
I'm nowhere when she speaks to me,
She makes me feel so small.
My face grows red; my tongue gets hitched,
The cussed thing won't go,
It riles me, kause it makes her think
I'm most tarnation slow.
And though folks say she's sweet on me,
I guess it can't be true.
Oh, darn it all!—afeared of a gall,
And me just six feet two!

My sakes! just spose if what the folks
Is saying should be so!
Go, cousin Jane, and speak to her,
Find out and let me know.
Tell her the galls should court the men,
For isn't this leap year?
That's why I'm kinder bashful like,
Awaiting for her here.
And should she hear I'm scared at her;
You'll swear it can't be true.
Oh, darn it all!—afeared of a gall!
And me just six feet two!

*Sister Sall don't like this word. Says it's only fit for stockings and such like. But it can't be helped. The country folks are great at darning. They will "darn," and that's all about it.—S. S., Jr.

BURIED IN A COAL MINE.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

Coal, you know, is dug out of the earth. Should you like to visit a coal mine? We come to a great hole in the ground, and get into a big basket hung by stout chains to a windlass. Down, down we go; it grows blacker and blacker, and is quite dark by the time we touch the bottom. Here passage-ways run off in every direction, often crossing each other like the streets of a town. On each side of these are caves, where the coal is dug out. Thick pillars are left between, to hold up the roof. The men who hew out the coal are called "hewers." The coal is put into tubs running on wooden wheels, and dragged to the foot of the shaft. Those who do this are called "putters." It is hard work pulling these heavy loads through the long, low dark passages. Besides these are the "trappers" whose business it is to sit cooped up in little black holes, to open and shut the trap doors which lead out of the passages. This is boys' work. Often little boys of nine or ten are employed. It is not hard, but very dismal and tiresome. And they have to stay all day long! How should you like it, children, who go to school, and play on the grass in the sunshine?

Then, there are dangers down in the mine which do not happen to people above ground. Foul air sometimes chokes the men to death; water sometimes spouts out and drowns them; and sometimes a part of a mine caves in. This is called a "crush."

One morning while the pitmen were at work in the mine in the north of England, they heard a noise like thunder. In a moment every lamp was out—for the men work by lamps—there is not a spark of daylight there.

"A crash! a crash!" cries the men, and all throw down their tools and run for their lives.

It is Tuesday morning. The men gather at the mouth of the pit, and count their number. Five are missing—two "hewers," two "putters" and one little "trapper," Robert Lester. The people above hear the noise, and rush to the mouth of the pit. The workmen are taken up. Oh, the agony of the wives and mothers of those who are left behind! Brave men go back to their rescue. They light their candles and reach the "crash." There is nothing but a heap of ruins. Were the poor miners instantly killed, or are they hemmed in to die of starvation? It is a dreadful thought. They called and shouted, but no answer. They began with pickaxes and shovels to clear the way. It is hard labor and great risk. The news of the accident bring help from far and near. Men flock from all quarters to offer their services.

How they work! Towards night they hear something. Listen! It is not a voice but a tapping. It can just be heard. Clink! clink! clink! clink! clink! five times and then it stopped. Five more and then a stop. What does it mean? One man guessed that, as there were five missing the five clinks showed all five were alive, waiting for a deliverance. A shout of joy was raised in and above the pit.

Amongst the foremost of the workers was the father of little Robert, the "trapper." Night and day he never left the mine, and hardly quitted his work.

"You'll kill yourself, Lester," said a fellow workman. "Go take a little rest, and trust the work to us."

"No, no, Tom," cried the poor father; "I promised Robert's mother we would come up together; and so we will, if it please God," he said, wiping the tears from his rough cheek; and he hewed away with all his might.

How does it fare with the poor prisoners? They are frightened like the rest, by that awful and sudden noise. Little Robert left his door, and ran to the men, who well knew what it meant. Waiting until everything was quiet they went forward to examine the passage-way Robert had left. It was blocked up. They tried another; that, too, was blocked up. Oh, fearful thought! they were buried alive! The men went back to the boy.

"I wan't to go home; please do let me go home," cried Robert.

"Yes, yes; as soon as we find a way out, my little man," said a miner called Truman, in a kind, yet husky voice.

The air grew close and suffocating, and they took their oil cans and food bags to one of the galleries where it was fresher and purer.

The two "hewers," Truman and Logan, were pious men.

"Well James, what shall we do next?" asked Truman.

"There is but one thing we can do," replied Logan. "God says 'call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shall glorify Me.'"

They told the boy their danger. "But we must keep up a good heart," said these believing men; and the way to do so is to put our trust in the Almighty God more than in man. He heard Jonah cry to him from the whale's belly, and He can hear us from the bottom of this coal pit. Let us pray."

They all knelt down, while the pious pitmen prayed—first one, and then the other; their hearts grew lighter, and even the little "trapper" dried his tears.

When it was time for dinner, they ate sparingly, in order to make the food they had last at least three days. For it might be full that time before they could be dug out. Meanwhile what should they do for water? A trickling noise was heard.

"Water, water!" yes it was water dripping from a rock.

"It seems," said Logan, "as if this water was sent on purpose to put us in mind that God won't forsake us, for don't you know the good Book says, 'when the poor and needy seek water and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them.'"

Soon the imprisoned men got their pickaxes; but what a hopeless task it seemed to cut through that mass of earth and stones to daylight! Their hearts beat with hope and joy when they first heard the sound of their friends working on the other side. It was then they made the clink, clink with their pickaxes which was heard, and so encouraged their deliverers.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and no rescue. What dark and dreadful days! Worse than all, the sounds they had heard did not appear to draw any nearer. And yet prayer and songs of praise might have been heard in that dismal cavern. By Friday morning their food was all gone, and by Friday night their oil too.

"Our food is gone, our light is gone, but our God is not gone," said Truman. "He says 'I will never leave you, nor forsake you.'"

As for little Robert he was so weak he could not sit up. His mind wandered; he talked about the sun and the grass as if he saw them; and once he repeated what he had learned at the Sunday school:

"Sweet fields beyond that swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green."

Saturday came—the fifth day—and the men outside knew there was not a moment to lose. They were too anxious even to speak. For hours they had heard no signals. Were their poor comrades dead? Suddenly the wall was pierced, a whole was made through it, and feeble voices was heard.

"Truman, are you there?"

"Yes, all here."

"All living?"

"Yes, all living."

"All living, all living!" shouted the men; and the shout went up to the top of the pit. When Robert's father heard that his little son was alive, the good news was too much for him and he fell down senseless.

One hour more and the rescuers reached their comrades. Who can describe the meeting? I cannot, nor the joy and gratitude of wives, mothers and friends, as one after another was brought up to the surface. Last came Lester, with Robert in his arms. What a hurra rent the air as they came in sight! "Safe, safe! God be prsised.—*Early Days.*

A YOUNG LADY whose "pa struck ile" a few years ago, and who has since been at boarding school, recently returned, and a party was given for her benefit. Upon the bottom of her invitation cards she caused to be inscribed "R. S. V. P." and one was sent to an illiterate rich fellow, who has also made his money by boring. He did not come, but sent a card with the letters D. S. C. C." Meeting him in the street, she asked him what the letters meant. "Tell me first what yours meant." "Oh! mine was French for 'Respond if you cannot accept.'" "Well, mine was English for 'Darn sorry I can't come.'"

MAX ADELER'S DOG.

We bought a new dog this spring; but the speculation was not thoroughly successful. The man who brought him around turned him loose in the yard, and then left. When we went out to get acquainted with him he was engaged in exploring the slop bucket with his nose, and, as we approached, he merely glanced around and growled. We attempted to pat him on the head, and then he suddenly dropped a mouthful of meat and took three or four very earnest snaps at our hand and leg. We were afraid somebody would steal him, so we enticed him that evening into the kitchen with a bone and locked him in. He scratched the door, and howled all night, and breakfast was late in the morning because he wouldn't let the hired girl come into the kitchen. When we got him into the yard we found that he had upset the bread that was rising, and had knocked eight plates off the dresser, during his nocturnal skirmishes. The next evening we felt as if we would prefer that somebody *would* steal him, and we locked him out. He amused himself that night scratching at the door to get in, and howling. He can howl more effectually than any other dog we ever met. You would have thought we had a menagerie in the yard, if you could have heard him. That day he killed the pet cat, belonging to Smith, next door, and removed a couple of mouthsful from the leg of Chubb's boy, who came over into our yard after his ball. Then he tore one of the sheets from the clothes line, and gamboled with it until it was reduced to rags. When the ash-man came in the afternoon, he had a dog, and our dog, after a few sociable sniffs, organized a combat with the ash-man's dog, and they rolled over and over among our tulips and hyacinths for half an hour, taking nips out of each other and scattering hair about by the handful. On toward evening he had a fit on a pillow case which was bleaching on the grass patch: and just as we were setting down to tea a policeman arrived with a warrant sworn out by Chubb, for our arrest for keeping a ferocious animal upon our premises. We went round and paid the fine; and that night our house was robbed; and the dog kept perfectly still till morning, although we bought him for the very purpose of scaring off burglars. Anybody who wants to buy a dog may have ours cheap. We will sell him at a sacrifice. We yearn to realize on that dog.

TRIALS OF A SHORT-TAILED HORSE.—We had a good deal of trouble with our horse last summer. He was a bob-tailed horse, and it seemed to annoy him so much that he couldn't reach the flies which fattened on his ribs that it occurred to us to fix him up a kind of an artificial tail, to relieve the situation, as it were. So we procured three feet of half-inch rope, unraveled about eighteen inches of it, and spliced the other end to the horse's tail. This would have enabled him to switch a fly off his nose as soon as he had acquired a little practice. But our Irishman, seeing the rope, and not *understanding our motive* precisely, concluded that we were trying experiments with some new kind of hitching strap to be used in the rear, and so he tied the horse to the stall that night by his artificial continuation. By morning the feed-box was kicked to kindling wood, and the horse was standing on three legs, with the other leg caught in the hay rack, while he chewed up four boards in the side of the stable in front of him. Then we got him another rope tail, and explained the theory to our man. But the tail bothered the hostler so much while carrying the horse that he tied half a brick to it to hold it still. The consequence was that the horse, in a moment of excitement, jerked the brick around, and mashed in the Irishman's nose, and he sued us, and we spent two hundred dollars trying to settle the case. Then we bought a bunch of horse hair, and spliced that on very neatly. When our new man came he began to carry that tail, and it came off in his hand. He thought it indicated a diseased condition of the horse, and gave him a huge dose of some kind of patent powder to improve the animal's health, and in half an hour the horse had convulsions, during which he kicked down the stable door, battered the stall into splinters, hammered four more boards out of the partition, dislocated his off hind leg, and died in frightful agony. Now we have a horse with a long tail, and when we see a peddler coming with horse medicine we send a dog out to interview him, and bombard him from the front window with a shot gun.—*Exchange.*

WE are generally inclined to deal tenderly with obituary notices, but it is a little too much to be told of a baby (in Memphis, Tenn.,) that "she rose as a star and beamed lucently with a meteoric resplendency along the horizon of her parents, lightening their pathway with the sheen of hope."

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

Friday, - - - - - July 25, 1873.

Democratic County Ticket.

ASSEMBLY:
HENRY SCANLAN, Carrolltown.
SHERIFF:
HERMAN BAUMER, Conemaugh Boro'.
TREASURER:
A. D. CRISTE, Munster Township.
COMMISSIONER:
EDWARD GLASS, Ebensburg.
POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR:
ANSELM WEAKLAND, Chest Twp.
CORONER:
R. H. SINGER, Johnstown.
AUDITOR:
H. B. FREIDHOFF, Conemaugh Borough.
JURY COMMISSIONER:
HENRY TOPPER, Adams Twp.

THE venerable John C. Plumer died last week at his home in West Newton, Westmoreland county, aged about 85 years. Many years ago, Mr. Plumer served both as a Representative and Senator in the State Legislature, and was well known as an upright and useful public servant. He was a firm and intrepid Democrat of the Jackson school, a few of whom yet survive as living and shining examples of personal purity and integrity, to shame a corrupt and degenerate age.

HENRY A. WISE, imitating the example of the guerilla Mosby, has gone over to the radical camp. During the palmy days of the old Whig party, Wise was a political power in the "Old Dominion," and in 1856, when he ran for Governor of Virginia, he utterly vanquished the demon of Know-Nothingism—for which he deserves well of his country. During the rebellion, however, and since its close, he has given frequent evidences of political *lunacy*. On no other theory can his *hegira* be accounted for. The cause has produced its natural effect.

THE Altoona *Radical*, whose editor has been paying close attention to the contest that is now progressing between Samuel Henry, of this place, and R. W. Mackey, for the State Treasuryship nomination on the Republican ticket, expresses the opinion that Mackey has a sure thing of it. It says that 72 of the whole number of delegates (133) have been chosen. Of those elected, 14 are instructed for Henry, and it is possible that six more not instructed will support him. "The balance," according to the *Radical*, "with the exception of four or five who will support aspirants in their own districts, will support Mr. Mackey, *in the event of his candidacy*." The words in italics may be regarded as surplusage. We cannot see that it makes the slightest difference which one of the two gentlemen named receives the nomination. If Mackey is successful, and should be elected, the affairs of the Treasury will be conducted in the interest of the Treasury Ring, just as they have been during all the time that he has had charge of the public money, and if Henry is nominated and elected, he too will organize *his* Treasury Ring intent on using the public funds for its own personal gain, and will in all things tread squarely in the footsteps of Mackey and *his* rapacious followers. A mere change of *name* in the head of the Department will not suspend or change the plundering scheme by which it has heretofore been managed. In the course of human events, it might happen that neither Mackey nor Henry will be called upon to administer the affairs of the Treasury; but that, under the management of a competent and unselfish Democrat, the "unexpended balance" of the people's money will be so applied as to do the most good, and that would be by applying it regularly in extinguishing the public debt.

SEVERAL Democratic newspapers have approved of the suggestion that Hon. Wm. McClelland, late member of Congress from the Lawrence district, would be a fit person to be selected by the approaching Democratic State Convention as Chairman of the Democratic State Committee. Before anything of this kind is seriously attempted, it would not be amiss to ascertain the present *status* of Mr. McClelland on the extra pay swindle. He is represented as having taken the plunder, although he voted against the bill. So far as we know, Hon. Washington Townsend, who represents the Chester district, is the only member of Congress from this State who refused to soil his fingers with the booty and returned it to the Treasury. If Mr. McClelland voted *against* the bill, as we think he did, and afterwards pocketed the money, he had better promptly decline being an aspirant for the position referred to. The appointment of a man to the Chairmanship of the Democratic State Committee who in any way identified himself with the salary grab, would be a most fatal blunder. How could he, in an address to the people, appeal to them, as he would be bound to do, rebuke Congressional corruption and rapacity? It would simply be the old spectacle of Satan rebuking sin.

The present Chairman of the Committee, Samuel J. Randall, not only voted for the bill and took the money, but, like Carpenter of Wisconsin, is willing to defy public opinion by an open defence of it. In getting rid of *him*, care must be taken that his successor is not tarred with the same stick.

If it is not true that Mr. McClelland took the extra pay, (and he knows all about it and can explain,) he would make an unobjectionable Chairman; but if the fact is otherwise, then the less that is said about him in that connection the better for himself, as well as for the Democratic party.

The Vacant Chief Justiceship.

No more delicate and at the same time responsible duty can devolve upon a President than the appointment of a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. The office itself is the highest and most dignified in the gift of the Chief Executive of the government, and is the most important and responsible position, in some respects at least, that can be conferred on any citizen. Popular opinion may sweep away an incumbent of the Presidential office, but the seat of the Chief Justice is permanently fixed, and is not dependant for the duration of its tenure on the caprice or varying fortunes of a political party. Chief Justice Marshall discharged the high functions of his exalted station during the administrations of *six* Presidents, while Roger B. Taney, his successor, who was appointed by General Jackson in 1836, and died in 1864, occupied the seat of Chief Justice during all but a small portion of the time filled by *ten* successive incumbents of the Presidential chair.

For the reason, therefore, that so few of our former Presidents were called upon to exercise the power of appointing a Chief Justice, it is not at all singular that the country feels a deep solicitude as to who will be the successor of the late Chief Justice Chase? If Grant was competent to make a wise and judicious selection, the people would repose a generous confidence in his judgment. But having already *packed* the Court by the appointment of Strong and Bradley as two of its Associate Justices, for the express purpose of overruling the decision on the legal tender question, he is not likely to step outside of the narrow circle of his thick and thin supporters in search of a man who can worthily fill the place which was once adorned by a Marshall, a Taney, and a Chase.

Anticipating Grant's action on so grave and important a question, it is safe to say that the appointment will be given to some person purely as a political reward, or on grounds of personal favoritism. The latter reason is the one that has governed him in conspicuous appointments heretofore, and, it is fair to infer, will do so in the present instance.

As it seems to be well understood at Washington that he will not appoint any of the present members of the Court to fill the vacancy, it has been suggested that a safe mode of securing a competent Chief Justice would be for Grant to refer the selection to the eight Associate Judges themselves. This plan has much to recommend it, and would pretty surely result in a choice that would be satisfactory to the country. But it is an arrangement to which a man of Grant's mental calibre will never consent. The very suggestion itself grows out of a want of confidence in Grant's capacity to make a wise selection, and for that reason he would not surrender the prerogative of his office.

If the declaration of Senator Carpenter is to be relied on, the place will be first offered to Roscoe Conkling, a radical Senator from New York, who, in accordance with an understanding between himself and Grant, will decline it, and the coveted honor is then to be conferred on Timothy O. Howe, of Wisconsin, who is Carpenter's radical colleague in the Senate. Of course Howe will only be too eager to accept. He possesses a contracted mind, is a thorough-bred partisan, and has secured the warm friendship of Grant as the willing defender of every usurpation of power which he has attempted. Even the disgraceful and corrupt San Domingo job found in Howe a submissive supporter, when honest, high-minded Senators repudiated it with shame and disgust. No man familiar with Howe's antecedents and his career in the Senate believes for a moment that he possesses any qualifications for the office That, however, is a trifling consideration with Grant, and the mantle of Chief Justice Chase *may yet fall on the unworthy shoulders* of Timothy O. Howe, who is not fit, were the former still living, to unloose the latchets of his shoes. It is a thought well calculated to produce a feeling of national humiliation.

EUROPEAN advices inform us that one of the results of the great advance in the price of coal, there is visible in the fact that various large manufacturers in France, Germany and Russia are casting about for new sources of supply. They think it feasible to import Pennsylvania coal, and an analysis of the different kinds mined in this State is being made, with a view of ascertaining whether they are suitable for use in the foreign factories needing them. Already Pennsylvania has been able to undersell English coal in the West and East India markets, and it looks very much as if we might, to a certain extent, be able to compete with European coal in portions of Europe itself.

IT is said that Postmaster General Creswell is of the opinion that the abolition of the franking privilege will so increase the revenues of the Postoffice as to make it self-sustaining. Since the first of July, the sales of stamps have exceeded those for any other equal period in the history of the Department. The new system of issuing official stamps for public matter is liable to be abused by dishonest clerks and others who may steal them, but the Postoffice detectives have been instructed to detain all unofficial matter which bears official stamps. It is believed the loss in this direction will not be large.

Two gamblers named McClusky and Anderson literally shot and slashed each other to pieces and to death, in a duel with pistols and bowie knives, at Medicine Lodge, Ind. Ter., on the evening of the 4th inst. It was the most terrible conflict ever witnessed.

Sound Talk from a Republican Newspaper.

One of the most cheering signs of a better day dawning in political morality is the outspoken honesty of many of the great Republican journals of the country in regard to official corruption. It is true, and as lamentable as true, that some of the smaller fry of Radical journals conceive it to be their duty to defend or gloss over rascality when perpetrated by a Republican official, but that is not the case with the better class of newspapers of that party. The Chicago *Tribune*, a Republican journal, thus comments upon the case of the "Christian Soldier," General Howard:

"Gen. Howard has been President of the University, and during the last five years has been extremely liberal towards it, making donations of large sums of his own money. Though nominally President, he has been absent from the city, and on that account has declined any salary. Recently some one has obtained access to the records and found that, on motion of Senator Pomeroy, one of the Trustees, large sums of "back pay" have been voted the General. The recent exhibit made by Fred Douglass denies vehemently that any money was paid him that he had not earned. On comparing the list of donations made by Gen. Howard with the money voted to him for service never rendered, they correspond so nearly that it indicates that what he gave with one hand he got back in the other, and that, while enjoying the reputation and glory of a liberal benefactor to the University, he was receiving quietly from the institution a sum equal to his gifts. His list of donations foots up $10,000, and his receipts $17,583, so he is at this time $677 ahead. It is a curious thing, also, that while Senator Pomeroy was, as Trustee, voting away the money of the institution to General Howard, the latter, as a Christian of established reputation, was certifying to the people of Kansas that Pomeroy was one of the purest and most exemplary Christian statesmen in the land, and that Kansas and the whole country would suffer greatly should his piety and his example to the rising generation be withdrawn from the Senate. About the same time, Rev. Dr. Newman was certifying to the Methodist clergymen of Iowa, a like character for Brother Harlan, and begging them to see that the recipient of Durant's check for $10,000 was re-elected to the Senate. We do not desire to question Gen. Howard's honesty, or his piety, or his Christian rectitude, but we think it is his misfortune that these things are forever pushed before the public, and insisted upon as a complete answer to unsettled accounts and full answer to apparent deficit. It is his misfortune that the squad of men at Washington who made a trade of their religious professions have been unmasked and exposed as hypocrites. These men, with or without his consent, have always included General Howard in their list of unusually righteous and notoriously Christian coadjutors. They have worn the cloak of religion to hide their enormities, and now Gen. Howard has, from association, to bear the suspicion which attaches to that whole brood of traffickers in Christian profession. It may be set down as generally true, that any man who frequently makes public parade of his Christianity is a rascal."

What Public Men Owe to the Press.

The following article on the subject of newspapers and their influence in a certain direction, copied from the St. Louis *Democrat*, contains an abundance of unadulterated truth:

Col. Forney complains, in a well-written article in the Philadelphia *Press*, that public men are, as a class, ungrateful to the newspapers and the journalists to whom they, in many instances, owe their position. Nobody is more competent to speak on this subject than Colonel Forney himself. He has made more statesmen out of small material than any man in America. He has taken a more active part in the personel of American politics in the last twenty years than almost any other man. Most of his work has been that of a politician rather than that of a journalist, but in either capacity he has always been able to serve his friends well, and he has always served them faithfully. His reward has been very small. If he had let politics alone and devoted himself exclusively to journalism, he might have made a greater name than Greeley's and a greater fortune than Bennett's. But he was always very fond of helping some friend to an office, and always had a taste for political intrigue with a purpose of this kind. His experience has, no doubt, been that of a hundred others who have operated in the same way on a smaller scale. Make a governer out of an alderman to-day, and to-morrow he'll tell you that he owes his elevation to his own superi or merits. For- *may make a President of the United States* out of James Buchanan—but before the old public functionary had taken his seat he repudiated his patentee and manufacturer in the most ungrateful manner. Congressmen are made by country newspapers—yet when they go to Washington it wouldn't be safe to tell them so.

Garfield, as an M. C., was invented by a seven by nine sheet, the editor of which had probably never seen a five dollar bill in his life, and Garfield would certainly be indignant now if asked to give five dollars of his back pay to that man. Trumbull was first heard of, we believe, through a little paper at Alton; and he was last heard of drawing his $5,000 grab. Ben. Butler says he was not made by the newspapers; but then it must ever remain one of the mysteries of nature where Ben. Butler came from and what object was in view in producing him. If the grievance of which Col. Forney complains is a sore one, it is the fault of those who are aggrieved.

There is too much puffery of small men in the newspapers now-a-days—too much disposition to exalt gentle dullness and amiable imbecility into intellectual greatness and real ability. Every chucklehead in congress gets more praise from the press of his party now than could truthfully have been bestowed upon Daniel Webster in his palmiest days.

WE have no excuse to make for any man who voted for the salary swindle, but we call attention to the following brief but pointed editorial which we clip from the New York *Tribune*:

Zealous Administration organs are wasting columns of space in vain attempts to show that the Republican party is not alone responsible for the salary swindle, since the Democrats helped to pass the bill. The scheme was originated by the best embodiment of Administration principles and policy, Mr. B. F. Butler, and carried thro' by the Republicah party, and all attempts to shift the disgraceful burden will be futile. The Democrats undoubtedly helped the thing along, but if they hadn't it would have gone through just the same. The Administration ordered it, and of course it was done. It was a simple act of loyalty.

SENATOR WALLACE has gone back to his Texan railroad.

A Lie that Served a Purpose.

We ought to know the truth by this time as to the disguise adopted by Jeff Davis on the memoriable morning that witnessed his closing search for the last ditch. And perhaps we have it in a communication from James H. Parker, of Elburnville, Pa., to the Portland (Me.) *Argus*. Mr. Parker should certainly tell the truth, for he reminds us that he is a Yankee, and was "born between Sacarappa and Gorham corner," and we know that a man born between two such places as they are couldn't tell a lie if he were the possessor of a hardware factory. Mr. Parker says further that he is full of "Yankee prejudices;" but he thinks it wicked to lie about Jeff Davis, or, for that matter, about the devil:

"I was with the party that captured Jeff Davis; saw the whole transaction from the beginning. I now say—and hope you will publish it—that Jeff Davis did not have on, at the time he was taken, any garment such as is worn by women. He did have over his shoulders a waterproof article of clothing—something like a 'havelock.' It was not in the least concealed. He wore a hat, and did not carry a pail of water on his head, nor carry pail, bucket or kettle in any way. To the best of my recollection, he carried nothing whatever in his hands. His wife did not tell any person that her husband might hurt somebody if he got exasperated. She behaved like a lady, and he as a gentleman, though manifestly he was chagrined at being taken into custody. Our soldiers behaved like gentlemen, as they were, and officers like honorable, brave men; and the foolish stories that went the newspaper rounds of the day, telling how woolfishly he deported himself, were all false. I know what I am writing about. I saw Jefferson Davis many times while he was staying in Portland, several years ago; and I think I was the first one who recognized him at the time of his arrest. When it was known that he was certainly taken, some newspaper correspondent—I knew his name at the time—fabricated the story about the disguise in an old woman's dress. I heard the whole matter talked over as a good joke; and the officers, who knew better, never took the trouble to deny it. Perhaps they tho't the confederate president deserved all the contempt they could put upon him. I think so too, only I would never perpetrate a falsehood that by any means would become history. And, further, I would never slander a woman who has shown as much devotion as Mrs. Davis has to her husband, no matter how wicked he is or may have been. I defy any person to find a single officer or soldier who was present at the capture of Jeff Davis, who will say, upon honor, that he was disguised in woman's clothes, and that his wife acted in any way unlady-like or undignified on that occasion. I go for trying him for his crimes, and, if he is found guilty, punishing him. But I would not lie about him when the truth will certainly make it bad enough."

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROADS.—As illustrative of the vast railroad traffic for which our State has become justly famous, the following facts and figures will prove interesting:

There are 117 railroads operating in this State. The total capital paid in is $439,-864,345 82. The funded debt is $325,413,-597 66. The length of the main line of roads in Pennsylvania is 4,179 miles. There are 1,618 miles of double track, and 1,784 miles of siding. The total cost of roads and equipments was $524,395,134 45.

There are 3,720 engines, 1,538 first class passenger coaches, 350 second class cars, and 734 baggage and mail cars. The freight cars number 58,630, and the coal, ore, stone, and tank cars 64,638. The bridges number 2,623, of which 481 are iron, 1,774 wood, and 368 stone. Depots or stations, 1,890; tunnels, 51: engine houses and shops, 483. Length in miles laid with steel rails, 1,434. Value of real estate exclusive of roadway, $22,257,832.

The gross tonnage for the year 1872, was 75,687,726, of which 17,327,120 was through freight. Passengers carried, 35,170,294. Miles run—by passenger trains, 25,512,-000; by freight trains, 58,391,626; by coal trains, 11,070,813. The tonnage carried embraced the following articles: Anthracite coal, 29,577,404 tons; bituminous coal, 12,670,496; petroleum and other oils, 2,-768,628; pig iron, 1,634,691; railroad iron, 785,286; castings, etc., 941,611; iron and other ores, 3,999,558; lime, stone, slate, etc., 885,765; agricultural products, 5,258,-299; merchandise and manufactures, 5,-335,299; live stock, 2,282,486; lumber, 3,-213,811, and other articles, 4,909,857 tons.

The total expenses of maintaining and operating road, repairing machinery, etc., for the year, were $86,295,900. The receipts were—passengers, $32,745,905 72; freight, $88,977,894 98; mail and express, $5,013,378; use of cars, $1,646,446 49; miscellaneous, $6,494,999 66 total $134,-818,848 92.

The number of persons killed on the various roads were: Passengers, 33; employees, 254; others, 285—total 572. The persons injured were: Passengers, 160; employees, 615; others, 213; total, 988.

The capital stock paid in, up to 1872, aggregated $439,864,345 82. The funded and floating debt is $342,076,170 75.

GREAT HAIL STORM.—There was a terrible hail storm in New Jersey on Friday. It inflicted immense damage upon the crops—corn, oats, vegetables of all kinds, being crushed and apples, pears, etc., swept from the orchards. Fruit trees in many cases are entirely destroyed. Hailstones fell of six or seven inches in circumference, and stones the size of a hen's egg could be gathered anywhere by the bushel. These dangerous missiles flew about with murderous force, breaking in not only windows, but shutters, snapping off stout limbs of trees, and making kindling wood of fences and outhouses. People locked themselves in upon the approach of the tornado, or a serious loss of life could not but have ensued. There are reports of horses and cattle having been killed and mutilated by the heavily falling masses of ice. After the hurricane the fields lay white as after a snow storm. In Morristown all the windows facing west were destroyed and considerable damage was done to the churches. Greenhouses were destroyed and market wagons demolished. It was the most terrific storm ever experienced in the State.

—The Provincetown, Mass., *Advocate* says that a supposed mermaid was seen upon the beach in Brewster, by a Mrs. Young and several children. The head of this object, or mermaid, resembled exactly that of a child, while the rest of the body was of fish form. When first seen, the lady became frightened, but the children, less timid, approached it, and wishing to determine whether it was dead or alive, threw some sand into its eyes, whereupon it uttered cries like that of a child, and commenced rolling over and over down to the water, and darted off into the sea, keeping its head above the surface, and resembling in every manner that of a child swimming. How this creature came here is yet a mystery, but it is thought it was left by the tide, or rolled upon the shore in the night of its own accord.

A Female Thug.

HORRIBLE TREATMENT OF A CHILD BY ITS MOTHER.

An affair was reported by the police yesterday, which, as stated, is an exhibition of the most fiendish cruelty on the part of a parent toward a child, almost unparalleled in the annals of crime, in this or any other State. In consequence of information received from various persons residing in the neighborhood, Mary Noel, a colored woman, living on Sixteenth street, between Christy avenue and Orange, was arrested on Sunday night by Detective Hennessey. About eight o'clock Sunday morning the colored people who inhabit that quarter were awakened by piteous cries proceeding from a second story room in the rear of the row of rickety frame buildings which front Sixteenth street—moans and cries, "Oh, God, have mercy! Oh, God, please send some one to cut me down! Oh, God give me some water; I am dying!" Two or three colored men hurriedly gathered around the back yard in the rear of the room, and after a hurried consultation went up the stairs and broke into the darkened room. Windows were thrown up, and the light revealed a pitiful object—a child, her arms pinioned closely over her head by a rope which was suspended to a hook to the ceiling, and so suspended that, the child's toes barely touching the floor, she was thrown forward with her whole weight on her pinioned hands. Beneath the child was a raw-hide which had evidently been applied to the lacerated back and sides, which showed also the more wasting traces of slow starvation in his bony, attenuated outlines. Neighbors gathered around; new clothes were placed upon the child's back, food was given her, and she was given over to the care of the police. At 4 o'clock the mother returned home, having been doing some cooking in a private family in the western portion of the city. When informed of what had been done with the child she expressed the greatest indifference, and said she was glad somebody had taken it. She didn't want it any longer. A few minutes after she was taken into custody.

It is stated that for nearly a week this fiend in the garb of a woman has daily fastened up the child, whose name is also Mary Noel, in the manner already described, and in this position left her from early morning till late in the evening when this so-called mother would return from work. Frequently, while the child remained in that position, her mother, it is said, inflicted from twenty to fifty stripes upon the bare back with a rawhide thong, which was used with a skill worthy of a Legree or Tom Loker. If the child cried or made any noise, she was taken down and thrown violently on the floor. Then the woman would place her foot on the child's neck, and beat her until, as one of the neighbors expressed it, "her belly was a poultice." sometimes the operation was varied by placing the child on the floor on its face, and its back was scarified. A foot firmly planted on the child's neck held her in this position, and a pillow in which its face was buried, smothered its cries. Another operation was to souse the child's head and body into a tub full of water and hold it there several minutes, "like you would a kitten," said a neighbor. This was generally followed by a whipping, which seemed to be the expedient in helping the child into the next world. During the whole week no food had been given it, until Sunday, except what was passed through an aperture in the window on the end of a clothes-prop by some of the neighbors. At times she would not dare to take even this, asserting that she was afraid her mother would find it out and whip her for it. When she did receive it, it had to be conveyed to her mouth, as she could not free her hands to take it herself. The appearance of the child, when taken to the Third District Station, was pitiable in the extreme. She is a bright intelligent-looking girl of eight years, though from the cruelty that has been practiced upon her she does not appear to be more than five. Her body is in the most emaciated state, while the back is one mass of bruises and festering sores. The stomach is abnormally large, from the effects of the violence and heavy blows and kicks which she has daily received. There is scarcely any flesh about her, the bones almost protruding from the skin, which appears to hang on the body like some unnatural covering.

The woman is a hard looking creature, apparently capable of any act of cruelty, and whose countenance betokens more of the savage than of the civilized human being, though her calm, collected manner, and the tone of her conversation, indicate that she is capable of the more refined cruelty of long-continued torture than would characterize the proceedings of the more untutored. She has been frequently heard to say that she knew God intended the child to live, but that she intended it to die; and if she could not kill it by any other means she would cut its head off. She is described as being over six feet in height, and of heavy, though not fleshy build. Her neighbors assert that she was not in the habit of drinking. She has one other child, a boy of three or four years, and lavished upon him all the tenderness of her fierce nature.—*St. Lewis Democrat, July* 15.

RESCUED BY A BRAVE GIRL.—How the young daughter of Mr. James Elpick, an oysterman, rescued a little boy from drowning at Greenwich, Conn., is thus told by the Stanford *Advocate*: "The locality is a favorite one for summer boarders from the city. Among the residents of this class at present is Mr. S. H. Lewis, who with family, occupies a comfortable country house near the oysterman's more modest dwelling. Mr. Lewis' little son, a bright and active lad about eight years of age, got into a boat at the dock on Saturday last, when the tide was at its height, and began paddling about. The child was in full view of the oysterman's daughter, a blooming young miss of eighteen, who was at the moment in her bedroom, sans gown and crinoline, and engaged at her toilet. She glanced occasionally at the boy in the boat until, when the latter was several rods from the dock, the boy fell overboard and disappeared beneath the water, which at that point was ten to fifteen feet deep. Without hesitation Miss Elpick rushed down stairs, and not even taking time to tell what happened, jumped into the little boat, the Maggie, named after herself. Not waiting to adjust the oars in the row-locks, she paddled, Indian fashion, to the spot where the boy had disappeared.—Looking hastily about, and seeing that the child did not reappear, Miss Elpick sprang boldly from her boat, and down deep on the sands that never saw the sun, she found the object of her search, and seizing him bore him again to the surface and to life. Rather than attempt the difficult task of placing the rescued boy in the boat, the young heroine swam for the dock. The whole transpired so quickly that the boy had not become unconscious, and when other help arrived the brave girl had already half accomplished the rescue and showed a decided ability to complete it. When she reached the shore, the reaction from so much excitement and exertion was too much for her. She fainted away, and for some moments could not be restored to consciousness."

GLAD to learn that the Shah's name is properly written "Nasserdin Chah Kadjar."

News and Political Items.

—A La Crosse girl named Bonfoy claims to be engaged to Fred Grant.

—A lady residing in Virginia City, Nev., has nineteen brothers and sisters, one woman having given birth to them all.

—The wife of Joseph Deebs, living near Roachton, Ohio, gave birth to three girls a few days ago. Wood county against the world.

—A willow tree, seventy-five years old and eleven feet round at the base, is a curiosity shown verdants at Georges, Fayette county.

—Isaac A. Gould, a widower, aged forty-five, was arrested in Yarmouth, Me., on Monday, for repeated incest upon a daughter, thirteen years of age.

—Those inevitable tortoises have turned up again, this time in Hereford, Berks county, each marked with the initials B. G., one dated 1820, the other 1825.

—Two daughters of Mr. Gallagher, of Cortland, Ill., ploughed and put in eighty acres of small grain this year. One did the ploughing, while the other sowed the grain and harrowed it.

—The *Sun* says A. T. Stewart, before leaving for Europe last week, made his will. A schedule of his real estate with its valuation foots up the extraordinary sum of one hundred million dollars.

—A few days ago, Ella Eatchelder, a young and handsome girl, suicided at Portland, Me., in consequence of a quarrel with her lover, Walter Howe. Howe shot himself on Sunday, and died in a few minutes.

—A Harrisburg woman tried to drown herself in Harrisburg Sunday afternoon, but a colored Adonis saved her. The reason why she wanted to die was because her lover broke off an engagement because she wore No. 7 shoes.

—The storm on Friday evening was terrible in Chester county. Large hail stones fell by the bushel. The wind was terrific. Many houses were struck with lightning. Hogs and cattle were knocked down and hundreds of fowls killed.

—That is a singular hen down in Tennessee, which at the age of twelve or fourteen, quit all her old habits and turned into a regular rooster. This case, and that of Susan B. Anthony, are the only ones of the kind we have ever heard of.

—A Buffalo girl committed suicide because her new bonnet did not come home in time for a picnic. Another lass residing at Bellevue, Iowa, shot herself to death recently because her parents insisted upon her marrying a man she did not love.

—On Tuesday while several boys were hunting berries in the woods near the Lycoming county poor house, they discovered the lifeless body of a young man hanging to the limb of a tree. From a deep cut in his abdomen it is supposed he was murdered.

—Miss Beulah Watts, of Waterbury Center, Vermont, aged fourteen, has cut and pieced within the past two years a quilt which contains four thousand seven hundred and fifty-two pieces, made nine tidies, and attended school 18 months in that time.

—David Wilson, a soldier of the war of 1812, and brother of William Wilson, Cashier of the Fayette county National Bank, in Uniontown, died at his residence in Mifflintown, Juniata county, on Tuesday morning, the 15th inst., in the 85th year of his age.

—The passengers of the wrecked Atlantic have brought suits against the company to recover damages for baggage lost, and personal injuries suffered by the wreck. The company does not contest the suit, but has given security for the liability, subject to the evidence of value, yet to be given.

—A servant girl by the name of Sophia was left to watch a sick lady at Harrisburg the other night, so as to give her medicine at proper intervals. The servant, to economize labor, gave the patient all the medicine at once, and then went to sleep. So did the patient, and never wakened. Too much morphia, as well as Sophia.

—Last Wednesday a cow belonging to Mr. J. W. Evans, of Franklin township, gave birth to a calf with eight legs. The calf, as far back as the shoulders, was perfectly natural; from the shoulders back it had two back bones. This singular animal died soon after its birth, and the cow which gave birth to it had to be killed.

—Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, Eng., fell from his horse last Saturday, and was killed. He was riding with Earl Granville from Leatherhead to Lord Gower's country seat, where Gladstone awaited him. The horse was going at full speed at the time the Bishop fell; his neck was broken, and death was instantaneous.

—Brooklyn had, very recently, a remarkably sensible bank president. Having defalcated to a considerable amount, instead of striking an attitude, and resorting to the various devices of the day to make a hero of himself, he paid his butcher and grocery bills, provided for his family, and then went and drowned himself. That was a sensible man.

—The little town of Mt. Vernon, Ind., is sadly afflicted, indeed. It seems to have been singled out by the cholera as its particular victim. Nearly all the citizens who could leave the place have done so. No business is transacted. One family of ten persons has been entirely exterminated by the terrible disease, and three other families have each lost four members.

—On Tuesday week two boys named Lewis Betscher and Sherman Hard, aged ten and eight years respectively, were drowned at Canal Dover, Ohio. They had gone into the canal near the brewery to bathe. Lewis could swim, but Sherman could not, and the latter, getting beyond his depth began to sink, when Lewis went to rescue him and they both went down together.

—A special detective from the agency in New York city is now in Paris in pursuit of the Bender family. From the efforts that are going on actively it is evident that the world is to be thoroughly searched in the determination to hunt out this pestilent brood and bring them to justice. The opinion seems to prevail that they are somewhere in France, and if so they cannot long escape detection.

—Ex-President Johnson has proved too tough for the cholera. After a fierce struggle with the disease he rallied and was better. The cholera, not relishing this impulse, and not knowing its man, renewed the attack. But Mr. Johnson was equal to the emergency. Having made up his mind to live, it is unnecessary for us to say that he didn't die. He vetoed the destroyer, and is well again.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Rev. Mr. Ancient, the heroic clergyman of Prospect, Novo Scotia, who distinguished himself at the wreck of the Atlantic, has been made the recipient of $660 from citizens of Boston as a token of their esteem for his manliness. One-half of this sum he has retained for himself, and the other half he distributed among the people of Prospect Island, who acquitted themselves creditably on the occasion of the wreck.

—A. Campbell Goss was arrested in Baltimore on Sunday, on a charge of conspiracy with William Udderzook and W. Goss to defraud insurance companies, and in default of $20,000 bail was committed to jail. It is understood that the arrest is based on information of parties from Chester, Pa., whither they went for the purpose of identifying the remains of the man, who it is alleged, was murdered by Udderzook.

—A new and successful method of [illegible] oderizing sewage has been tested in [illegible]lin, the process consisting in adding every 100,000 gallons of sewage [illegible] of clay treated with sulphuric acid, 168 pounds of slaked lime. In a short time a deposit is formed of the [illegible] value as manure, while the supernatant liquid is perfectly clear and inodorous.

—The *Liberal Christian* in an article on the Massachusetts governorship [illegible] from the pen of Dr. Bellows, says: "Massachusetts does not spue Gen. Butler out of her mouth, she will please him [illegible] to take a seat very far back in our [illegible] State honor. We account him the most dangerous man in America, with the [illegible]est scruples and the most diabolical [illegible]ty; and he, forsooth, is in fair [illegible] becoming Governor of our [illegible] Bay State!"

—A curious marriage took [illegible] Shaftsbury, Vt., recently. The groom, an old man 70 years of age, and the [illegible] was a former wife, from whom he had been divorced for many years. During the long interval he had lived [illegible] where he was twice married, and [illegible] returning to his old home, he found his first wife had remained single, [illegible] was rekindled, and the ancient couple rejoined after half a century.

—Professor Wise' balloon will require 4,316 yards of cloth. The material is unbleached sheeting, of a thick [illegible]ity. The crown of the balloon is doubled for a distance of fifty feet, and the top with 150 yards of the same material, and yet a third thickness will be added for which 250 yards will be required. The strengthening of the crown of the balloon is rendered necessary by the enormous pressure of the gas, which is equal to 2½ pounds to the square inch.

—A recent widow in Bath, Me., relinquished herself by demonstrations of grief for the death of her husband. She threw the shroud from the corpse and tried to pour rum down its throat. She refused to join the funeral procession by sitting on the coffin and refusing to have it moved. The united strength of three men was necessary to keep her from jumping into the grave after the coffin. One would like to know how long this woman had been married. The deceased was a widower, and the proverb must be false. No husband of a man was ever mourned so much by a widow.

—Some idea of the way Ireland is depopulated, says the Dublin correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, may be obtained from some of the figures in the census of Ireland, which is now slowly appearing. The part relating to Queen's county has been published last week. Upon looking over it, I was struck by the insignificant differences between the various decennial censuses. In 1821, that county had a population of 134,000; in 1831, 145,000; 1841, 146,000; in 1851, 111,000; in 1861, 90,000; and in 1871, 79,000. The Queen's county is a fair average county, and I mention this because I happen to have the figures before me.

—One does not often read of a more [illegible] and terrible retribution as that which overtook, last week, a murderer in Connecticut. Michael Higgins, a laborer, on Saturday night, fatally stabbed John O'Neil. A search for Higgins was instituted, his dead body was found in a room in the farmhouse. He had died of heart disease, superinduced by fear of Nemesis arrested, indicted, tried, convicted, sentenced, and hanged him almost simultaneously. If these facts are impressive, here was a demonstration of the tragedy which upon many occasions would be more impressive than fatal strangulations.

—The commission of a series of horrible crimes has just come to light in Scott county, Iowa. About six years ago a man was accused of committing them, but was released under circumstances that proved conclusively that he had nothing about her. She died in childbirth, having several children, among them twin daughters, one twenty-four years old. The charge is that this man forced the mother to submit to the indulgences of his unbridled passions, and that the result of this intercourse was three children, one of them being the twin daughter. The supposition is that the three children were murdered as they came into the world. The discovery of these horrible crimes is causing great excitement.

—An extraordinary and daring robbery of a railroad train was committed on Saturday night last, four miles west of Atlantic, Iowa, on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad. At this point there is a very sharp curve in the road, and here the robbers placed heavy timbers across the track to throw the east bound passenger train off. The engineer, John Raftery, saw the obstruction in time to reverse his engine and apply the air brake, but before doing so, observing the movement fired at the robbers in ambush and shot him dead. The train struck the logs, and went off the track and down a ditch, and was followed by the express and baggage cars, the others remaining on the track. Several passengers were injured, but none seriously hurt. The robbers, who were masked, took about $8,000 from the express safe, and cut open a number of sacks, but took no letters; made their escape on horseback across the prairies in a southerly direction, the whole being done in less than ten minutes. Among the passengers were thirty Chinese students, en route to Amherst college, Massachusetts.

A SHOWER OF STONES.—The [illegible] *Traveler* relates that on Friday evening last, between 7 and 8 o'clock, the ship, on a voyage from New York, Captain Winchester, was assailed by a shower of pebbles, the largest of which were hail-stones, the vessel at the time being about thirty-three miles from Portland, Me., on her trip from Boston. "Come on deck," it says, "who was throwing stones?" The light at the time, supposed that the crew were pelting him. The stones fell about them fell abaft the paddle-boxes, and in the morning he swept them up and found but one handful overboard, much to the regret of all on board, as some of them were quite large. In the opinion of an eminent geologist, the stones were taken up by a whirlwind from some fresh water lake, and it will be remembered that the ship encountered a very singular appearance of the sky in the morning. The wind at the time, to use a common expression, blew from all quarters, and the stones saved were all about one size. They present the worn appearance of pebbles found at the bottom of a fresh-water lake, and will weigh about half an ounce each.

THE following is copied verbatim et literatum, et punctuatum, et spellatum, from a Punxsutawny paper:

INFORMATION WANTED—Concerning Nathan Sherman. Who left home in township Indiana County Pennsylvania On the 18th, of last March he was seen on the Susquenanna River he was on the river about the time of the big freshet the first of April. Since then he has not been heard nothing at him they have concluded he is drowned

When he left home he wore pantaloons of home made cloth, drawers were of the same linsey, his vest was made of calico, his body jane lined with home loomed flannel, he wore new heavey boots, he wore flannel shirts barred blue brown, and red, his hair was about fiftwo years old, his hair and whiskers were black and, sprinkled with gray, his eyes were black his height was five feet six inches, he weighed about one hundred and fifft pounds. the inquiring friends of Nathan Sherman, desires to know something of what has become of him, will the editors of this paper confer a favor on the betrieved friends by noticeing the above request.

Susana Sherman

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday, Morning, - - July 25, 1873.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—Good weather for farmers and feeders.

—Johnstown has a policeman who *Mas*- all the desperadoes.

—Hay is delivered from the field at $15 ton, which is considered equivalent to per ton from the stack.

—Michael Bowers, aged 82, fell dead in of his fields, near Williamsburg, Blair ty, Monday week. Sunstroke.

—Eleven hundred Mormons from Eng- Wales, Ireland and Denmark passed the Pa. R. R., Utahward, Thursday.

—A little child of Byron Painter, Esq., Pittsburgh, fell from a hammock at on, the other day, and dislocated its der.

—Two hundred and forty-six fine trout that three amateur Izaak Waltons this place captured in White town- on Thursday last.

—Sam Henry has secured the Forest y delegates, and still he don't "see way out of the woods" very clearly on State Treasury question.

—Our unqualified endorsement, if it is th anything, is given to M. L. Oatman's ior brand of flour. Better bread than ves was never broke, or cut either.

—Jacob S. Hoover, of N. Woodberry ship, Blair county, complained of feel- ell Wednesday morning week, and down on a bed, expired almost im- tely.

—Jno. Ginter was struck by a large which fell from a derrick on the Ty- and Lewistown Railroad, near the place, on Wednesday evening last, illed outright.

—Hollidaysburg wants a Sunday train Branch road, and ought to have it.

—Osborg should have an afternoon train nday and every other day, whether ants it or not.

—John Murphy was brought to jail here Summerhill at an early hour on esday morning charged with aggra- assault and battery on a boss quar- n named Watt.

—Three cows belonging to Mr. John s, of Catherine township, Blair coun- were killed by one stroke of lightning Monday last, and it wasn't a very good for lightning either.

—A butcher named Fisher jumped from on in Conemaugh borough, on Tues- t, and in less than an hour two doc- were trying to reduce a compound e of his right leg.

—The Altoona *Tribune* informs us that Johnston, Esq., of this place, was in on Wednesday and retired in the with his morals untainted. Didn't till then, we presume.

—Daniel Shoop held a "full hand" until k it into the cog wheels of a steam m freezer in Johnstown the other nce when one thumb and two fingers been among the missing.

—William Snyder, a resident of Portage, ounty, was struck and instantly by the Way Passenger train, on day last, about one mile west of Gal- Walking on the track.

—Local tragedies are plentiful enough, n knows, without getting up such ble burlesque murders as Tuesday's contains, with Mr. S. Hirt as the Pointless and unprofitable.

—The dead body of a colored man named Lockman was found in a barn at , Huntingdon county, several days and it is suspected that his wife mur- him or had the foul deed done.

—Mr. David M. Davis, an old and much ed citizen of Johnstown, ate his a few days ago and then lay down a nap, from which nap he never His age was about 62 years.

—Twelve thousand quarts is the exact ement of the blackberries a Johns- man expects to ship to Pittsburgh, son, and he says he'll be d–ished if me down a single berry on the count.

—The attention of Mr. John Lloyd, of ce, sequestrator of the Huntingdon, a and Indiana Turnpike Company, ed by the Hollidaysburg papers to ilapidated condition of the bridge ans the Juniata at Duncansville. the Altoona *Tribune* hadn't origi- the story, we might be induced to that John A. Bigler, the hero of ngfield sculling match, was born Station, this county, January 30,

—Our liquor dealers get their supplies m Pittsburgh, it is fair to pre- the *Gazette* man "knows how it if" when he says that four drinks ria county whisky will kill a man

—Michael Lutz, of Summerhill township, the milk stopped on him very sud- and very effectually. His four cows the way of a moving train 'tother day was a very bad thing for the cows. Michael Lutz.

—Messrs. T. M. Jones & Sons, of the burg Woolen Factory, put them- right on the record in regard to pri- a card published elsewhere. They petent workmen and fair dealers, refore deserve success.

—Some people may be disposed to smile idea of saving 15 per cent. in buying from M. L. Oatman, but let them experiment of purchasing goods at store and then at M. L. Oatman's sh store, and our word for it they discover which side of their bread ered. Fifteen cents on the dollar aved in dealing with Oatman, and no use in trying to rub it out.

—No farmer can afford to do without a and Mower, and none better can be on fairer terms than the celebrated Mower and Reaper and the Hoff- ower and Reaper, for which L. & S. avis, liverymen, are agents. The Davis also sell the Pratt, Sabine pper Hay Rakes, articles equally nsible on a well regulated farm. om them and you'll be sure to get machines in the market.

—A man named McDonald was shamefully beaten by a couple of roughs at Fountain Mills, Westmoreland county, an Friday last, because he disclosed a plot to rob a store in the vicinity, which he had overheard the two villains concocting between them.

—Patrick Moreland's wife fell from a cherry tree on their farm near Allegheny Forge, Blair county, on Monday afternoon, and fractured both of her arms at the wrists, besides sustaining other severe injuries. Mrs. Moreland resides at Bennington Furnace.

—Our much esteemed and highly competent clerical friend, James P. Murphy, has just left the Car Record Office, Altoona, for the purpose of accepting the position of clerk on a railroad now being constructed in New Jersey by our late townsman, Phil. Collins, Esq. May prosperity ever attend him.

—A man named Hugh Kane, while being drawn out of a well which he was engaged in digging in North Mahoning township, Indiana county, about two weeks ago, was overcome by foul air or gas, and falling from the bucket to the bottom of the well, a distance of about fifteen feet, was suffocated before he could be rescued.

—Remember that the "Hayes' Quartette," as the "Old Folks," in the quaint costumes of one hundred years ago, will appear this (Friday) evening and to-morrow evening at the Court House. If you don't care about their sweet singing, go anyhow and see how it is about the old woman with the big fire-scuttle on her head, so profusely portrayed in their large bills.

—Father Christy of this place, has been placed on the Committee of Reception for the meeting of the Army of the Cumberland, which is to be held in Pittsburgh, Sept. 16 and 17. Many distinguished soldiers will be present, among them Gens. Sherman and Sheridan, and probably the President. All the old soldiers of that glorious army are invited to attend.

—A boiler exploded at the saw mill of James Hill, in Barr township, on Monday last, and making its exit through one corner of the mill, landed fully one hundred yards away, and at a point which would induce the belief that it had either gone completely over the roof or made a partial circle of the building. We did not learn the cause of the explosion. No one injured.

—Thomas Toole fell from a scaffold, a distance of thirty feet, while engaged in taking down the brick work of the old St. John's Catholic church in Altoona, on Wednesday last, and strange to say escaped with his life. A compound fracture of the right leg above the ankle, left arm broken, and a severe contusion near the right temple, are the extent of his injuries.

—W. H. Patterson, a farmer living near Yellow Springs, Blair county, left Huntingdon on Wednesday morning of last week, in company with two strangers with seven shooters in their pockets, and since getting off the train at Petersburg, soon after, still accompanied by the two men, nothing has been heard of him. Murder for money is the present solution of the mystery.

—Wm. Bamerick, aged about 19 years, was struck by a moving freight train near Lilly's Station, Saturday evening last, and killed instantly. A large hole was made in his head and one of his arms was fractured. He was walking on the railroad track and is said to have been intoxicated at the time. He is said to be the twentieth victim who has been immolated at or near the place where he met his terrible death.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* says: "The bequest of Mrs. Mary Bennett, recently deceased, of Allegheny county, to the Episcopal church of this city, is a timely one, as the congregation have now under way the erection of their magnificent new church building. Although the sum is but two hundred dollars, it will still be a great help, and the memory of Mrs. Bennett should be appropriately cherished by the members of that denomination here."

—It is currently reported but not generally believed that a buxom country lass who attended the show at Loretto, yesterday, in company with her "feller," and who was intently looking at the clown whirling a hat with a stick, remarked to her young man that "she used to do that." The young man was looking at a contortionist in another part of the arena, who had his legs tied around his neck, and an explanation was therefore deemed necessary.

—Notwithstanding they have the local option disease very bad in Blair county, a party of men employed by the Keystone Bridge Company got on a big drunk at Tyrone the other day and "kicked up a bobbery" with several of the employees of Van Amburgh's menagerie, and in an effort made to quell the disturbance, a policeman named Cochran and a deputy, John Cramer, were very roughly handled. Three of the rioters are now in the Hollidaysburg jail.

—Carrolltown letter received too late for insertion. Have space only for the following: Yesterday (Tuesday) the youngest son of Mr. John Flick was kicked on the head by a horse, fracturing his skull. He fell from a wagon, immediately behind the horse's heels, in consequence of the giving away of a hay-ladder against which he was leaning—hence the kicking. His recovery is extremely doubtful, altho' Drs. Maucher, Buck and Evans are doing all they can to save his life. His age is about ten years.

—The editors of the Johnstown *Tribune* and *Voice* (both daily) are throwing dirt at each other with a looseness which is truly appalling, considering how perfectly red hot the weather is at present writing. We trust, however, that they are not telling the truth about each other, for if they are they should both be sent to Congress as soon as possible. Rather than believe that they are the "liars," "thieves," "incendiaries," etc., they represent each other to be, let us hope that neither of them ever heard a word about George Washington and his little hatchet.

—An Ebensburg gentleman returning from Carrolltown the other day was set back considerably by beholding a half-grown porker busily engaged in drawing the lacteal fluid from the udder of a cow which was quietly browsing by the roadside. The amiable bovine "accepted the situation" very complacently—a fact which was fully explained when the gentleman learned, as he did from a resident in the vicinity, that she was used to the operation. Simon says that he has "wiggle-waggled" a good deal through the world, but he is free to say that this is the first time he ever saw a pig sucking a cow. Still, things are getting so awfully mixed in this world that a man don't know what even one day may bring forth.

—The deputy sheriff of Huntingdon county, recently arrested somewhere on the line of the P. and E. railroad, a chap charged with fornication and bastardy, but who heretofore has managed to elude the officers of the law, and while returning to Huntingdon with him had occasion to sever the bond which bound them, *i. e.* unloose the bracelets which connected the victor and the vanquished, when the prisoner took advantage of the liberty thus afforded by jumping from an open car window, and, alighting in a soft morass, without injury to himself, made good his escape. The officer jumped after him immediately, but was less fortunate in his venture, for landing in the same morass, he stuck fast in the mud clear up to his arm-pits, and had to be pulled out *vi et armis*. In the meantime the "fornicator and bastarder" was "over the hills and far away."

ANECDOTES OF HORSES.—So much has been written about the peculiarities and instincts of that noble animal, the horse, that we presume nothing new on the subject can be presented. Still, at the risk of telling what has, perhaps, been told time and again about other horses, we give the following anecdotes which are authentic and possess "a local habitation and a name": Mr. Theo. M. Apple, of White township, is the owner of a couple of equines which not only take as kindly to milk as Brother Sansom, of the Indiana *Democrat*, but present themselves every day as regularly as clockwork to receive their rations of the lacteal fluid, which is served to them by bucketsful. Anything from the richest cream to the thickest "baughnaughclaughber" goes down with them, and sleek coats, rotund bodies, and dispositions which are altogether "childlike and bland," follow as matters of course. The same horses are exceedingly fond of bread, cakes, etc., and one of them at least is known to have entered the kitchen in the absence of the inmates and helped itself liberally to hot cakes fresh from the stove. Habits such as these, if we except the pilfering of the cakes, are no discredit to the equine character, but we can scarcely say as much for the habit acquired by a fine bay mare, three years old, belonging to an old and valued friend of ours residing in Munster township. The mare in question has learned to chew tobacco, and although she has the good sense, possessed by but few of the human race, to refuse a "chaw" when she thinks she is better without it, she masticates and swallows the weed, when the spirit moves her to do so, with a gusto which indicates very plainly that she has a relish for the nasty mouthful equal to that of the most abject human slave to the filthy habit. Nor does she wait to be offered a "chaw," provided an opportunity is afforded for helping herself. A plug of tobacco partially exposed in a vest pocket, purposely to tempt her, is sure to receive prompt attention betimes, and the only advantage which can be claimed for mankind that she does not possess is the ability to beg a "chaw" and when furnished convey it to her own mouth. The same gentleman was at one time the possessor of a mare which displayed that inordinate vanity peculiar to the sex by boldly marching up on to a long porch and entering the sitting-room, where she deliberately posted herself in front of a looking-glass and for a moment or two complacently viewed herself from "stem to stern," after which she just as deliberately made her exit, impressed no doubt with the conviction that she was "just about as nice as they make 'em."

IN A SPLIT STICK.—Our radical friends are in somewhat of a quandary, now that the Democratic nominations have been made. They have been declaiming for years against an imaginary "Ebensburg Ring," but are now compelled to either admit that there never was such a "Ring," or, if there was, that it has been entirely ignored in this instance. Hence it is that they are at a loss how to attack the ticket. The ONE MAN power, however, which controls the destiny of the radicals in this county, will endeavor, no doubt, to cypher them out of the difficulty *after the Radical State Convention has been held*. For the present he is too much on the *sigh for* the State Treasuryship to give the matter his personal attention. True, there are several radical aspirants already in the field. Mr. Thos. Griffith, a clever gentleman and fluent speaker, has been spoken of for Assembly. Col. Jno. M. Bowman, of Johnstown, a gentleman equally clever and fully as competent, has also been named in this connection. Of course both these aspirants, as well as all other radicals with an eye on that sweet sugar plum, will be subject to the decision of the Radical State Convention on the Treasury question.—For County Treasurer, Messrs. Wm. Connell and Hartman Berg, both residents of this place, are the only aspirants we have as yet heard anything about. Either one of these, or either of those mentioned for Assembly, would no doubt poll the full radical vote, and will give entire satisfaction to the people—*if nominated and elected*. Still we can assure the gentlemen in question that neither of them is the coming man. Things are fixed, and the present leader of the party in Cambria county is determined to "make *Hay* while the sun shines," and he will set up his ticket like a set of chess men when the proper time arrives. Our radical friends need no "Ebensburg Ring." One man can do all the setting up necessary to be done, but in the meantime it may do no harm to "see *Sam*" a little *Moore*.

DOMESTIC INFELICITY ON THE FIRST FLOOR.—There was an unusual occurrence in the Sixth ward a couple of evenings ago. A husband had permitted his wife—his second wife, by the way—to go to a Western State on a visit. During her absence he got lonely, and a buxom lass was persuaded to come into his house and bring sunshine and all that sort of thing with her, and allow the same to remain there till such a time as the wife in the West would take it into her head to return. The twain lived happily together till last Wednesday, when the wife from the West got back home, rather unexpectedly to everybody but herself, and found the domestic situation exceedingly infelicitous for her. She was equal to the emergency, however, and wading directly into the middle of the difficulty, she seized the buxom lass by the nape of the neck and landed her out of the back door into an adjacent lot. The husband, not to be outdone in feats of physical strength, undertook to propel the wife from the West on the road followed by the buxom lass, but he signally failed in the performance of that contract. The wife from the West was full of pluck and strong of muscle and the fight that ensued lasted from 10 P. M. to 3 A. M. One hundred and ten rounds were fought, when, by mutual consent, a truce was allowed for general repairs. We have not heard that the combat has been renewed. The buxom lass has been missing since she struck the ground in the rear of the house. Where were the police upon the occasion of this family jar?—*Altoona Tribune.*

INDECENT HASTE.—The Johnstown *Democrat* says that one day last week one of the undertakers of that city was applied to by a gentleman for a coffin and to bury a child. The coffin was selected, the rough box made and the lining prepared, but about the time the finishing touches were being applied to the coffin, the gentleman re-appeared and countermanded his order, giving as his reason therefor the fact that the child was yet living! We know of a case somewhat similar to this. It happened also in Cambria county. A workman engaged in a tannery slipped and fell into a vat which contained a boiling-hot liquid. Upon being pulled out, his skin all peeled off, while large pieces of flesh came away with the skin. The proprietor of the tannery took it for granted that the man must die, and while the latter was suffering the most excruciating torture, deliberately proceeded to measure him for a coffin! The man subsequently died from his injuries; but, as in the first mentioned case, the *ante-mortem* proceedings were so repulsive to the finer nature of one and all as to call forth bitter and wide-spread denunciation. —*Altoona Tribune.*

—If the Altoona *Tribune* is to be believed, which requires a man to stand on his head to do, a seventeen pound baby was born in that city the other day.

ALL ABOUT STRONGSTOWN.—A correspondent of the Indiana *Messenger*, writing from Strongstown, some twelve miles northwest of this place, tells what he knows about that ancient village in the following interesting style:

"This town is situated about midway between Indiana and Ebensburg, and was a favorite stopping place in the palmy days of stage coaches and Conestoga wagons. The town was laid out about the year 1820, by Jacob Strong, from whom it derived its name. A house, 18 by 24, built about that time by Andrew McKaig for a tavern, is still standing. At the time it was built it was by all odds the largest house between Ebensburg and Indiana, and was known as "Andy's McKaig's big house." The principle business of the town is lumbering. Within a circumference of two miles of the town there are seventeen saw mills, manufacturing annually two and a half million feet of lumber. Pine lumber is getting scarce and commands a very high price. This may be inferred from the fact that a Mr. Wm. Britt, who owns a 200 acre tract two miles from this place, refused $20,000 for it. The same tract could have been purchased thirteen years ago for $1,200. Colonel Gumning, of Frostburg, Md., who owns some valuable timber land in this township, has recently sold 55 acres to Snyder & Co., of Freeport, Pa., for $100 per acre, for the pine right alone—this being one-half of a tract he purchased sixteen years ago for $400. The lumber business has retarded this portion of the county very much, in an agricultural point of view. Our farmers who have to buy their grain and flour (and they all have to do that), cut down a pine tree and manufacture it into shingles, and when in market it will enable them to lay in a stock of flour, provisions, etc., to do them three months—all the production of one pine tree and two or three days' labor. The soil, however, is not well adapted to grain raising, although good crops of oats and corn are raised. Several families from Alsace and Lorzine, France, have recently settled in what is known as the 'Dutch Run' settlement. These persons, rather than live under the rule and government of Germany, have left sunny France and settled in the backwoods of the Allegheny Mountains. They are a sober, quiet, industrious people, and have purchased land and are going to work in earnest, clearing and cutting out the underbrush, and have planted corn among the logs and pine trees. They claim that large crops of corn are raised in this manner in their native country. But they will not find our soil here on the mountains so productive as the rich, alluvial bottom lands along the Rhine."

OUR SYSTEM OF PRACTICE.—The medical world has become divided into so many different cliques, isms and pathies, that our peculiar system of practice may need some explanation.

We treat all chronic diseases upon the most scientific principles of Urino-pathology and Rational medicines.

Our remedies are principally vegetable, discarding the use of *Calomel or Mercury in any form.*

Our mode of detecting diseases is by ocular, chemical and microscopic examination of the urine. By these scientific investigations we are enabled to detect the most obscure diseases and to prescribe the remedies in accordance with the true nature of each particular case.

Therefore we invite all those laboring under lingering diseases, who have not been cured because perhaps their complaints were not properly understood, to send us a vial of urine for examination and have the necessary medicine sent them. This can be done by express (not by mail).

Our practice in this way extends all over the United States. Our charges for examinations and medicines furnished range from THREE to TEN dollars.

Write plain and give *full name, age*, and residence of the *patient*, and the communication will be promptly attended to.

L. OLDSHUE, M. D.,
T. L. OLDSHUE, M. D.,
J. W. OLDSHUE, M. D.

Address—Drs. Oldshue, No. 132 Grant street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MOUNTAIN CAKE.—To the yolks of six eggs, well beaten, add two cups of white sugar, three-quarters cup butter, one cup sweet milk, three-and-a-half cups flour, having in it one measure of Banner Baking Powder. Whites of two eggs, beaten stiff. Bake in jelly cake pans. When cold spread each layer with an icing made with the whites of four eggs, beaten stiff, one pound of powdered sugar and one tablespoonful extract of lemon.

Each can of the Banner Baking Powder contains a small measure, to be used even full, according to printed directions. If you cannot obtain this really valuable article from your grocer, send twenty-five cents by mail, addresseb to Banner Baking Powder, P. O. Lock Box 317, Pittsburgh, Pa.; and you will receive, postage paid, a quarter pound package, together with a list of fifty valuable Recipes.

I. T. COPPOCK, under the Opera House, Main street, Johnstown, No. 112, is the topic. I. T. Coppock is the topic—well that's poetry, but we may as well say that his big show window outshines the June roses themselves. Who can paint like nature? Coppock. Who can lose these beautiful colors in each other? Coppock. Nature's self is outdone in the flowers, ribbons, silks, satins, hats, bonnets and dress goods of I. T. Coppock, who is about as clever a man to buy from as ever wielded a yardstick.

CAPT. JACK, the Modoc chief, is no relation of Capt. Jack, of the Horse Market, and neither of them is connected in any way with the immense hardware establishment of Geo. Huntley, High street, Ebensburg, where you can buy mowers, reapers, thrashers, stoves, tinware, iron, nails, woodwork for wagons, and everything necessary for carrying on a successful war against high prices. Let the world still revolve, but go to Huntley's for all you want. He has $20,000 worth to sell.

HE that steals my purse steals trash, but he that buys made-up clothing from S. J. Hess & Bro., Johnstown, gets the genuine stuff, strong, well made, well cut, and well sewed. Hess might have taken the prize at the Vienna Exposition, for cleverness and tact in selling ready-made clothing at No. 141 Main street, Johnstown, but then he didn't want it. He would rather have lots of good fellows from the mountain swoope down on him and buy every man a full suit at honest prices.

RAILROADS.—The great question now is, "What would the great West do without railroads?" but a far more important question is, "What would Ebensburg do without Myers & Lloyd, who supply the people with all kinds of dry goods, fancy goods, notions, and general varieties in their line?" The world might get on without water, but our town couldn't well get along without Myers & Lloyd. Try there—buy there—prices are not high there.

THE MAN in the moon was looking at the made-up clothing of James J. Murphy, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, the other night, with the evident intention of making a purchase. He can't shine without a new suit from Murphy, neither can the young men of Cambria county shine unless they go and do likewise. Murphy is the cheapest and cleverest man to buy from you ever read about.

THE apple which Eve presented to Adam is said to have caused Adam to make such a wry face that the whole garden became distorted in appearance, but that alleged fact does not prevent E. J. Mills from selling the cheapest and choicest flour, feed and groceries ever brought to Ebensburg. His flour is just fresh from the *Mills*, which is a great advantage. Call on him for provisions.

M. BOSSART & Co., successors to John J. Murphy, Johnstown, are doing a rushing business in the dry goods line. The people flock to see their charming new goods, like pigeons resort to a buckwheat field in September. And no marvel, for they keep choice and cheap dry goods, and are adepts in the art of selling at popular prices. Give them a call.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STRAY MULE.—Strayed from the Works of S. H. Smith, Esq., in Washington Township, a dark dun MARE MULE, about 4 feet 4 inches in height, with a cut in the left shoulder about 8 inches long, two white spots on her neck, and mane and tail trimmed. Has had left hind leg injured. Any information that will lead to the recovery of said mule will be thankfully received and liberally rewarded by JOHN LEAP.
Hemlock, July 25, 1873.-3t.*$6due.

FARM FOR SALE!

THE subscriber offers at private sale on liberal terms and at a LOW PRICE, 52 Acres of Land in Munster township, about half way between Munster and Wilmore, some 40 Acres of which are cleared, well fenced and in good condition, with a Log House, a first rate Log Barn, perfectly new, and other Outbuildings thereon erected; also, an excellent Orchard of choice fruit and an abundance of pure water on the premises. JAMES FURY,
July 25, 1873.-6t.* Portage P. O.

A VALUABLE FARM!
AT PRIVATE SALE!

A DWELLING HOUSE, BANK BARN, and 112 Acres of Land, (75 Acres cleared and under fence,) situate in Washington Township, Cambria County, within one-half mile of Lilly's Station. Also, all necessary Outbuildings. The Land is of the best quality, and is in an excellent state of cultivation and abundantly supplied with good water. For further particulars apply to the undersigned, on the premises, or to F. M. GEORGE, Lilly's Station.
PATRICK McMANAMY,
July 25, 1873.-tf. Hemlock P. O.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the account of John Cox, Administrator of Charles Helfrick, deceased:

"And now, June 9th, 1873, on motion of D. McLaughlin, W. Horace Rose, Esq., appointed an Auditor to distribute the money in the hands of the accountant to and among the parties entitled to receive the same. By the Court."

Extract from the Record.
J. M. SINGER, Register.

Pursuant to the above appointment, I will sit at my office in the Borough of Johnstown, on *Saturday, August 16th*, 1873, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all parties interested may present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.
W. HORACE ROSE, Auditor.
Johnstown, July 25, 1873.-3t.

"CATARRHORINE" cures every pain, etc. Try it. Sold by all druggists. REUBEN HOYT, Proprietor, New York.

$412.80 IN FOUR WEEKS' Canvassing was one agent's profit on Bryant's *Library of Poetry and Song*; $70 in one week on *The New Housekeeper's Manual*, by Miss Beecher and Mrs. Stowe. Any active man or woman can have an agency. J. B. FORD & CO., New York, Boston, Chicago and San Francisco.

85th Thousand in Press. Sale increasing. 2,000 more LIVE AGENTS WANTED for our
LIVINGSTONE 28 YEARS IN AFRICA!
Over 600 pages, only $2.50. Incomplete and inferior works are offered, look out for them. Send for circulars and see proof of the greatest success of the season. Pocket Companion worth $10 mailed free. HUBBARD BROS., Publishers, 723 Sansom street, Philadelphia.

WATER WHEEL. NUMEROUS TESTS HAVE PROVED N. F. Burnham's New Turbine WATER WHEEL! TO BE THE BEST EVER INVENTED. Pamphlet free. Address YORK, PA.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE SUPERB NEW CHROMO, "BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART," Just ready, from an original painting by IDA WAGGER. This picture is greatly admired by all who see it, and is sure to become highly popular. Though executed in the highest style of the art, in order to reach the masses and secure large sales, the price is made much lower than that at which any Chromo of like quality has ever been sold. Terms exceedingly liberal. Exclusive territory. Sold only by subscription. Apply at once to secure choice of territory. Circulars, &c., free. GEO. MACLEAN, Publisher, 733 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Work of Intense Interest and Intrinsic Value,
OCEAN'S STORY:
By the gifted son of the famous "PETER PARLEY." The result of great historical research: An Authentic HISTORY OF NAVIGATION and its MANIFOLD DISCOVERIES since the Flood. Abounds with STARTLING *Incidents*, FEARFUL *Disasters*, LAWLESS *Piracies*, BLOODY *Battles*, and GLORIOUS *Achievements*; also describes *Diving, Telegraphing, Ocean Fisheries, &c.* Over 200 *Spirited Cuts. Subject New. Price Low.* Agents Wanted. HUBBARD BROS., Pub's, 723 Sansom St., Phila.

CHOLERA
AND
EPIDEMIC DISEASES
PREVENTED BY USING
BROMO-CHLORALUM,
The New Odorless and Non-Poisonous
Powerful DEODORIZER & DISINFECTANT.

It destroys all bad odors and poisonous emanations about your premises, and thereby prevents contagion and disease; contains no poison, has no odor, and is always safe.

"Diploma awarded by the AMERICAN INSTITUTE to TILDEN & Co. for BROMO-CHLORALUM. They consider it of value as being non-poisonous and inodorous, and can recommend it especially for medical and general household purposes." "—EXHIBITION OF 1872.

Prepared only by TILDEN & CO.,
Sold by all Druggists. New York.

Manhood: How Lost, How Restored.

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the *radical cure* (without medicine) of SPERMATORRHŒA, or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, IMPOTENCY, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, &c.; also, CONSUMPTION, EPILEPSY and FITS, induced by self-indulgence and sexual extravagance.

Price in a sealed envelope only six cents. The celebrated author, in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and *radically*.

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, *post-paid*, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps. Address the Publishers.
CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,
127 Bowery, New York; Post-Office Box 4586.

A CARD.
EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY

AS interested parties have been reporting in the northern part of this county that our rates for manufacturing Woolen Goods, &c., we deem it necessary for our own protection and for the information of the public to publish the following

LIST OF PRICES.

Blankets.....$3.50 per pair.
Flannels.....30 and 35 cts. per yard.
Cassimeres.....50 cts. per yard.
Satinetts.....50 cts. per yard.
Carding and Spinning.....20 cts. per lb.
Carding.....7 " " "

T. M. JONES & SONS,
July 18, 1873.-tf. Ebensburg Woolen Factory.

ESTATE NOTICE.—Having been granted Letters of Administration on the estate of CATHARINE MCLAUGHLIN, late of the Township of Washington, County of Cambria, deceased, I give notice to all parties indebted to said estate that they must make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.
MICHAEL BRADLEY, Administrator.
Washington Twp., July 18, 1873.-6t.

CAUTION!—My wife, MARY BENDER, having left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, I hereby caution all persons against trusting her on my account, as I am determined to pay no debts which she may contract. CHARLES BENDER.
Allegheny Twp., July 18, 1873.-3t.*

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES
—TO—
CASH BUYERS
—AT THE—
Ebensburg House-Furnishing STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES TO CASH BUYERS on all goods in his line, consisting of

MOWING AND REAPING MACHINES
AND OTHER FARMING IMPLEMENTS;
COOKING, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES
of the most popular designs and of all styles, prices and qualities;
TINWARE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!
of my own manufacture;
HARDWARE, ALL KIND!

such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Table Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Table and Tea Spoons, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Hammers, Axes, Hatchets, Boring Machines, Augurs, Chisels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh-Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax, Bristles, Clothes Wringers and Wringers, Patent Churns and Patent Machines generally, Grind-Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Cast Steel Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, Horse Shoes and Nails, Old Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Brick, Well and Cistern Pumps, &c., &c.;

Harness and Saddlery Ware
of all kind, in great variety;
WOOD and WILLOW WARE
beyond description;
CARBON OIL and OIL LAMPS,
Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.; Silver-Plated Ware, Glassware, &c.

Family Groceries,

such as Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Syrups Molasses, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Hominy, Fish, Crackers, Rice, Pearl Barley, &c.

Tobacco and Cigars.

Paint, Varnish, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Stove, Dusting, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed-Cords, Manilla Ropes, and many other articles, at the *lowest rates for cash.*

HOUSE SPOUTING

made, painted and put up as cheap as possible, FOR CASH. ☞ A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware by wholesale.
GEORGE HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, July 25, 1873.-tf.

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT with the Supervisors of Clearfield Township for the year 1872:

JAMES MCMULLEN, Supervisor;
In account with Clearfield Township, Dr.

To amount of Duplicate	$ 880 77
" order on Charles McGough, Supervisor for 1868	42 26
" order on M. J. Will, Supervisor for 1871,	241 98
" order on Francis Delozier, Supv'r	469 06
" cash received from County Treasurer on Unseated Lands	120 00
	$1,760 05

Cr.	
By Work done by Taxables	$808 89
" Time, (83 days at $1.50,) and Duplicate and oath of office	124 70
By Exonerations	4 35
" Cash paid for Scoop	15 00
" Cash paid freight on Scoop	1 93
" Cash paid Joseph Wertner, mending Scoop	20
By Cash paid on judgment of M. Dunegan, former Supervisor, 283 60	$1,233 67
June 7, '73—Bal. due Twp. on settlem't.	$531 38

JOHN KRATZER, Supervisor,
In account with Clearfield Township, Dr.

To amount of Duplicate	$ 920 46
" Cash received from County Treasurer on Unseated Lands	293 82
	$1,214 28

Cr.	
By Work done by Taxables	$522 61
" Exonerations	80
" Personal services, cash orders lifted, oath of office, etc	149 83
By Cash paid Jas. McMullen, unseated money	120 00
By Cash paid half the costs of suit with Gallitzin Township	75 00
By Lands returned to Commissioners, per certificate	58 00—$905 64
June 7, '73—Bal. due Twp. on settlem't.	$248 64

DEBTS DUE FROM TOWNSHIP.

Balance on Mich'l Dunegan's judgment	$155 82
Add Interest from 19th July, 1870,	
June 1, 1873—Amount of orders issued in favor of sundry persons at settlement	166 27

We, the Auditors of Clearfield Township, do certify that the above is a correct statement of the accounts of said Township for the year 1872.

A. BURGOON,
J. H. DOUGLASS, } Auditors.
JOHN J. BURNS,
Attest—PETER A. MCGOUGH, Sec'y. [7-25.-3t.]

GALLITZIN SCHOOL DISTRICT in account with the Collector and Treasurer of said District, for the school year ending June 2d, 1873:

C. O'HAGAN, Collector. Dr.

To amount of Duplicate	$2,243 51

Cr.		
By Exonerations	$ 28 88	
By Cash paid Treasurer	2,062 29	
By Commission as Collector	110 83	$2,200 00
Balance due District		$43 51

J. J. TROXELL, Treasurer. Dr.

To amount received from Collector	$2,062 29
" " on hand at last settlement	279 02
" " State appropriation	161 82
" " from Allegheny township	46 90
" " from J. Dawson's estate	101 50
" " paid M. & L. B. A., Gallitzin	2 60
" " from J. Bradley for mortar	3 00
" " from unseated lands	79 49
" " from copy books	7 10
" " paid Collector, 5 per cent.	110 89
Total	$2,854 41

Cr.	
By orders paid	$2,476 27
By bal. in Treasurer's hands	278 24
Due from Allegheny twp	58 10
" " Collector	43 51—$2,956 12
Cash on hands and claims due Township	$472 85

We, the School Board of Gallitzin Township, have examined the accounts and find them as stated above.

MATHEW DIGNAN,
CHARLES HUNTER,
CHAS. O'HAGAN, } Directors.
P. CRONOUR,
S. BEEHER,
Gallitzin Twp., July 7, 1873. [18.-3t.]

OLENA!

The best Oil in the world for machinery.
It will not chill.
It will not gum.
It is equal to the best Lard Oil.
If you have any kind of Machinery, ask for OLENA; and if you cannot buy it at home, send for a circular and price list to

PAINE, ABLETT & TRIPP,
OIL MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS,
No. 360 Penn Avenue,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Executor's Notice.

LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the Estate of MARY O. EVANS, late of Ebensburg borough, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted by the Register of said county to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. JNO. E. SCANLAN, Executor.
Ebensburg, June 20, 1873.-6t.

A CARD.

TO THE INDEPENDENT VOTERS OF CAMBRIA COUNTY: Disgusted with this day's doings in the Democratic County Convention, I hereby offer myself as an *Independent Candidate* for the office of SHERIFF, and pledge myself, if elected, to fulfill the duties faithfully and to the best of my ability.
JAMES BENFORD.
June 23, 1873.-3m* Johnstown, Pa.

BARK WANTED.—FOUR THOUSAND CORDS OAK AND HEMLOCK BARK wanted at the new Tannery. Woodvale, Johnstown. Cash paid on delivery. Apply to or address W. H. ROSENSTEEL & SON,

REMARKABLE COURTSHIP.

HOW A GUILELESS PROFESSOR PROPOSED AND WAS ACCEPTED IN AN HOUR.

A correspondent of the Indianapolis *Herald* tells the following anecdote of Prof. Foster, who filled with much ability one of the chairs of the Faculty of the college in Knoxville, Tenn.:

Prof. Foster was well educated in the sciences usually taught in college, but his ignorance of the common affairs of life rendered him a remarkable man, furnishing a rare subject for the study of human nature in one of its multiform phases. Being advised by some of his friends to get married, he, with childlike faith and simplicity, accepted their advice, and promised to do so if he could find a young lady willing to have him. They referred him to a number of the best young ladies in the city, any one of whom, they had no doubt, would be willing to accept his hand and make him happy. He was one of the most kind-hearted of men, as void of guile as of offence, and an entire stranger to the forms and ceremonies of modern courtship. He couldn't see the necessity of consuming a year or two in popping the question—"Sally, will you have me?" So he went that very day to the residence of the nearest young lady who had been commended, and being welcomed and seated in the family circle, as he always was wherever known, he at once made known the object of his visit by saying in a clear and distinct voice.

"Well, Miss Sarah, my friends have advised me to get married, and they recommend you and a number of other young ladies to me as suitable persons, and I have now called to see if you are willing to marry me."

Had an earthquake violently shaken the premises, the household could not have been more astonished. Like a frightened roe, Sarah started to run, when her mother caught her, and said:

"Why, child, don't be frightened, the Professor won't hurt you."

Being again seated, a deep blush succeeded the paleness which had been caused by the startling announcement, and she rallied enough to be able to say to the Professor that as his proposition was entirely unexpected, she must have some time to consider the matter. This he granted, but said:

"As I am anxious, in case of your refusal, to see the other young ladies to-day, I can wait only one hour for your answer."

Knowing the worthiness, sincerity and simplicity of the Professor, the matron took her blushing daughter up stairs for consultation, while the father was left to entertain his proposed son-in-law as best he could under the novel circumstances. Of course the discussion of the sudden proposition between Sarah and her mother was private and cannot be given in full. The most essential points of it, however, were told afterward. It was readily admitted that he was entirely worthy of Sarah's hand and heart.

"But, mamma," said Sarah, "how would it look to other people for me to have to give an answer in one short hour—only sixty minutes—jump at a hasty chance—and to think how my young friends would jeer and laugh at me. Wouldn't they tease me to death? No, ma, I can never face that music."

"But stop, my child, and listen to me. There is not a young lady in the city that would not jump at the offer made you. Let them laugh. Girls must have something to laugh at, but it won't hurt you. Tell him yes, emphatically. If he were a stranger whose antecedents were unknown to us, however prepossessing in person and manners, or profuse in his professions of love, I would withhold my consent. But we have long known him, his moral character is without reproach, he is amiable, kind-hearted, and sincere, a fine scholar, with an honorable position in the college, and he makes no false pretences. You know just what he is. What more do you want?"

"But, mamma, I don't know that he loves me, he hasn't even said so.

"O, well, daughter, never mind that. Generally, those who are the loudest in their professions of love have least of the pure article. You can teach him by example to love you. It is far better than precept."

Leaning her head upon her mother's bosom, Sarah said, in a submissive tone:

"Well, ma, just as you say—I'll tell him yes; but, although the hour isn't half out, we'll not go down until the last minute of the hour."

At the expiration of the fifty-ninth minute, they returned to the Professor and papa, Sarah still blushing, but more calm than before. Then, with a firmness that astonished herself as well as her parents, she extended her hand to the Professor and said:

"Yes, sir, if papa consents."

He gave his consent without hesitancy, and it was readily agreed by all that the wedding should take place a week from that time. Then Professor Foster, with his usual calmness, conscious of having done his duty, withdrew to report progress to his friends.

Well, in due time the Professor went to the clerk for the license. The clerk informed him that the law required a bond and security in the sum of $1,250, to be void on condition that there was no legal objection to the proposed union of the two persons named. The Professor very promptly replied: "Oh, never mind the bond, Mr. Clerk; I will pay $1,000 down and will hand you the balance in a day or two." After further explanation by the clerk, the Professor soon complied with the law and obtained his license.

At the appointed time the wedding came off in the best style of the city, and the company enjoyed the occasion with the greatest zest. The hours flew like humming birds. As the clock struck 12 the Professor picked up his hat and started for his boarding house. His principal attendant, surmising his intention followed to the front door, and informed him that matrimonial etiquette required him to stay and board and lodge at the house of his father-in-law until he and his wife wished to live by themselves; that he would be furnished with a room adjacent to Sarah's room, in order that, if she happened to get thirsty, he might be near to get her a drink of fresh water.

In the morning the bride and groom were greeted with the smiles of the family, together with those of some early callers, and inquiries were made if they had slept well. Both responded that they had never slept sounder in their lives, he adding, with his childlike simplicity, that he was happy to say Sarah did not call for water during the whole night. That last remark was quite a riddle to her, and she looked curious, but said nothing, no one venturing to ask him to rise and explain. He did not know it was a joke played upon him until the attendant told it as such to the company.

Finally the happy couple went to housekeeping, and never were man and wife more heartily congratulated or more highly esteemed than they were. They were the favorites of the city. Never was wife more lovely or husband more kind and devoted, but he didn't know anything about providing for the larder, only as Sarah taught him. One little incident may suffice to illustrate. She told him one day to get some rice. He went immediately to the store and told the clerk he wanted to get some rice. "How much?" inquired the clerk. "Oh, not much," said the Professor, "I reckon three or four bushels will do for the present." The clerk was very sorry to say they had not that much on hand, but that they would soon have more. The clerk persuaded him to try to make out for a few days with some fifteen or twenty pounds. Sarah and the clerk were not the only ones who laughed over the incident. He never called for three or four bushels afterward.

If the Professor and his wife are still living they must be well stricken in years, and if they see this brief sketch of their early lives, and find any errors in it, they will pardon the writer.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,

WASHINGTON STREET,

Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS,
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,

PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,

Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

Geo. C. K. Zahm,

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DRY GOODS,

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HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES GENERALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

Store on South Side of Main Street,
Ebensburg, Pa.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS.

JOHN D. THOMAS,
Boot and Shoe Maker

THE undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calf-skin boots to the coarsest brogue, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY!

SAMPLE STREET,

Near Union School House, Ebensburg.

THE subscriber desires to call the attention of the citizens of Cambria and adjoining counties to the fact that he has now in successful operation in Ebensburg a Shop for the manufacture and repair of

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES,
Spring Wagons, Sleighs,

And all other description of Work in that line

Employing none but skillful workmen and using only the best materials, I feel confident I can give entire satisfaction in work, styles and prices.

Platform work done at short notice. Repairing of all kind attended to at reasonable rates.

A Blacksmith shop in connection with Manufactory. Call and see specimens of work.

June 22, 1872.-tf. D. M. CHUTE.

LOOK SHARP AT THIS!

136. THE ONLY CATHOLIC 136.

BOOK & PERIODICAL STORE

IN CAMBRIA COUNTY.

M. P. MEAGHER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in STANDARD CATHOLIC WORKS of all kind, PRAYER BOOKS, BIBLES, HISTORICAL and CONTROVERSIAL WORKS, ENGRAVINGS, PICTURES, FRAMES, &c., &c., 139 Franklin Street, Johnstown, Pa. Will sell every article at Baltimore or Philadelphia prices. *A liberal discount allowed to the Rev. Clergy, Libraries, or those buying in large lots.* Books bound and Pictures framed at the lowest possible prices. All the Eastern Weekly Papers for sale.

136. Franklin Street, Johnstown, 136.

Murray & Dunn,

PROPRIETORS OF

PHOENIX FOUNDRY AND STOVE WORKS,

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

HAVING purchased the establishment lately known as Enterprise Foundry, we are now prepared to manufacture

LIGHT CASTINGS

of every description.

The Various Styles of Stoves

manufactured at our establishment are in all respects equal to any in the market.

Steam Engines and all kind of Machiner,

promptly and satisfactorily repaired.

☞ All our work is warranted to be exactly what it is represented. [Aug. 30.-tf.]

THE BIGGEST SHIP AFLOAT!

PERSONS going to Europe, or those sending for their friends to the *Old Country* ought to buy their tickets from M. P. MEAGHER, Agent for the celebrated **National Line of Steamers** to and from Europe. This Line is remarkable for comfort, speed and safety. Drafts for £1 and upwards sold at the lowest current rates. For further particulars call at MEAGHER'S BOOK STORE, 136 Franklin street, Johnstown, Pa. [June 22, 1872.-tf.]

STILL UP AND AT IT!

CABINET MAKING AND UNDERTAKING.

Thankful for past liberal favors, the subscriber desires to inform the people of Ebensburg and vicinity that he is still carrying on the business above named in all its branches, on High street, nearly opposite the Public School House. Substantially made Furniture of all kind sold at lowest figures. Coffins of any desirable size or finish furnished on short notice, and funerals attended to promptly and satisfactorily.

ROBERT EVANS.

Ebensburg, March 21, 1873.-6m.

MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING.

—The attention of the Ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that MRS. R. E. JONES has just received an invoice of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, at her rooms, in the East Ward, Ebensburg, Wedding Bonnets, Hats, etc., a specialty. Dressmaking done. The patronage of the public is respectfully solic[illegible]. [ited.]

THE
NEW DISCOVERY
In Chemical and Medical Science.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Incipient Consumption.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Catarrh.
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Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Heart Disease.
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Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Purify the Blood.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Diseases of the Throat.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Bronchitis.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure "Rose Cold," or "Hay Fever"
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Lung Diseases.
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Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Prevent Cholera & Yellow Fever
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Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Remove Pain in the Breast.
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Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Are a Superior Tonic.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Restore the Appetite.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cause the Food to Digest.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Restore the Weak and Debilitated
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Give Tone to Your System.

L. F. HYDE & CO.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS,
193 Seventh Ave., New York.

LYON'S
KATHAIRON

Only 50 Cents per Bottle.

It promotes the GROWTH, PRESERVES the COLOR, and increases the Vigor and BEAUTY of the HAIR.

OVER THIRTY YEARS AGO LYON'S KATHAIRON FOR THE HAIR was first placed in the market by Professor E. Thomas Lyon, a graduate of Princeton College. The name is derived from the Greek "KATHRO," signifying *To cleanse, purify, rejuvenate, or restore.* The favor it has received, and the popularity it has obtained, is unprecedented and incredible. It increases the GROWTH and BEAUTY of the HAIR. It is a delightful dressing. It eradicates dandruff. It prevents the Hair from turning gray. It keeps the head cool, and gives the hair a rich, soft, glossy appearance. It is the SAME in QUANTITY and QUALITY as it was over a QUARTER of a CENTURY AGO, and is sold by all Druggists and Country Stores at only 50 Cents per Bottle.

Woman's Glory is Her Hair.
LYON'S
KATHAIRON

EBENSBURG
BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

Cigars and Tobaccos,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Perfumes, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY.

July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

Parke's Marble Works,

139 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try us.

Oct. 24.-m.* JOHN PARKE.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!

131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, AND TELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

M. J. BUCK, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.

Office in rear of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made at the residence of JOHN BUCK, Esq. [April 4, 1873.-tf.]

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
EBENSBURG, PA.

Office on High street, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel. Residence on Crawford st., West Ward, where night calls should be made. [4-4.-tf.]

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*,
Ebensburg, Pa. Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street. [aug 27.]

A Woman at the Wood-Pile.

HOW HEAVEN'S FIRST, BEST GIFT TO MAN SAWS WOOD.

The Danbury *News* says: "Did you ever see a woman undertake to saw wood? It is always a little while before dinner, when the pies won't bake, and the potatoes absolutely refuse to come to the boiling point, and the only stick of wood is exactly three inches too long. After vain attempts to prove the elasticity of matter by putting a two-foot three-inch stick into a two-foot stove, she goes out to the saw horse, puts her knee on the refractory stick the way she has seen the men do. But the edges of the wood are sharp, and she takes it down with an ejaculation, and with a growing disregard for appearance, put her foot on it instead. Her hair never fails to come down at this juncture, and she has to stop and twist it into a tight knot behind before beginning to saw. Here the saw commences a frantic jumping and skipping on its own account, the whole feminine mind being concentrated upon keeping up the foot that is up, and down the foot that should be down, until, in an unlucky moment, the centre of gravity is lost, the stick flies up and launches a blow at her nose just as some body is going by. She stops and pretends to be looking for something, while dark thoughts of divorce and separation flash through he mind, and she *never* will attempt to saw wood again if there never is any dinner. But her pride and her dinner are at stake, and all her obstinacy comes to the surface; she will conquer that stick or die. Fired by a new fury, she succeeds in sawing two-thirds of the way through, and breaking off the rest of it—it is a rotten rail—she goes into the house to find the potatoes boiled dry, and the pie in a state of sodden uncertainty. The children come home from school and the husband from his shop, and find a kind of hushed solemnity in the air, and no pie for dinner. The meridinal meal is eaten in silence and bitterness of heart, and then the wife of his bosom inquires if she is expected to take care of the stables and feed the pigs as well as saw wood. The man says, 'Hang it all, I forgot,' and the woman drops sarcasm and breaks down in the declaration that she n-e-v-e-r w-i-l-l d-o i-t a-g-a-i-n, *never*—but she will; she will do it to morrow, and the next day, or the day after, for one of the things that woman never will learn is that she cannot saw wood."

AN INTELLIGENT CAT.—The man who lives just back of us, Chubb, has a yellow tomcat whose intelligence is almost human. Chubb's cat possesses a voice like that of a Tuscarora Indian, and when it goes out in the yard on a moonlight night and meets a cat with different views, and reasons with it and indulges in animated conversation and lifts out handfuls of fur, you can hear the debate for a mile and a half. Chubb used to be much annoyed by the continual disturbance, and he would disperse the meeting with bullets and other projectiles. But at last he noticed that his remonstrances had no effect. The more soap-cups and boots he fired into the yard, the louder his yellow tomcat would screech, and when he would bang away his gun, the cat would send out a wild, unearthly yowl which would wake people within fifteen squares and set eight or ten thousand dogs to barking. It seemed so queer to Chubb that his cat always refused to move on when hit, that he determined one night to watch it.

Just at dusk he observed the cat drag about twelve inches of old stovepipe out from under a bush and crawl into it. Then the cat inserted its legs through four holes that had been punched in the iron, and with its head projecting through the end, and its body clad in armor, it winked at Chubb, and rambled off to attend the massmeeting. Chubb says now that he wouldn't take a hundred dollars for that cat; but if we do not tunnel under Chubb's yard some night and blow his tomcat into eternity with a submarine torpedo, it will be very singular. We admire ingenuity, but a vociferous tomcat makes us unhappy.—*Max Adeler.*

THE FAMILY HAMMER.—There is one thing no family pretends to do without. That is a hammer. And yet there is nothing that goes to make up the equipment of a domestic establishment that causes one-half as much agony and profanity as a hammer. It is always an old hammer, with a handle that is inclined to sliver, and always bound to slip. The face is as round as a full moon, and as smooth as glass. When it strikes a nail full and square, which it has been known to do, the act will be found to result from a combination of pure accidents. The family hammer is one of those rare articles we never profit by. When it glides off a nail head and mashes down a couple of fingers, we unhesitatingly deposit it in the yard, and observe that we will never use it again. But the blood has hardly dried on the rag before we are out of doors in search of that hammer, and ready to make another trial. The result rarely varies, but we never profit by it. The awful weapon goes on knocking off our nails, and mashing whole joints, and slipping off the handle to the confusion of mantle ornaments, and breaking the commandments, and cutting up an assortment of astounding and unfortunate antics, without let or hindrance. And yet we put up with it, and put the handle on again, and lay it away where it won't get lost, and do up our mutilated and smarting fingers, and yet if the outrageous thing should happen to get lost, we kick up a regular hellabooloo until it is found again. Talk about the tyrannizing influence of a bad habit! It is not to be compared to the family hammer.—*Danbury News.*

COULDN'T CATCH HER.—On Saturday an old lady, accompanied by a tall, gawky-looking girl of sixteen, evidently her daughter, entered a store in Titusville and asked to see some calico. Selecting one of the pieces thrown down to her, she pulled it this way and that, as if she would tear it to pieces; held it up to the light in various positions, and spit on a corner and rubbed it between her fingers to try if the colors were good. Then she stood still awhile—evidently she wasn't satisfied. Suddenly she seized the clerk's scissors, and cutting off a a piece handed it to her daughter, remarking, "Here, 'Liza Jane, you take an' *chaw* that an' see eff it fades!" And 'Liza Jane *chawed* it.

HOW TO KEEP HAMS.—Don't eat them. Well, that is one method, but here is another: Every season more or less hams are destroyed by insects or rendered too unpalatable to be eaten by decent people. By following this method the insect can be kept at a distance, and being very simple, it is within the reach of any one. After the meat has been cured by pickle and smoke, take some clean ashes, free from coal; moisten them with a little water so that they will form a paste, or else wet the hams a little and rub on the dry ashes.—Rubbed in thoroughly, they serve as a capital protection against insects, and the ham can be hung up in the smoke-house or woodchamber without danger of molestation.

Has been before the American public OVER THIRTY years. It has never yet failed to give perfect satisfaction, and has justly been styled the panacea for all external Wounds, Cuts, Burns, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, &c., &c., for Man and Beast. No family should be a single day without this Liniment. The money refunded unless the Liniment is as represented. Be sure and get the genuine MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. Sold by all Druggists and Country Stores, at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per Bottle. Notice

S.T-1860-X.

IS PURELY A VEGETABLE PREPARATION, composed simply of well-known ROOTS, HERBS, and FRUITS, combined with other properties, which in their nature are Cathartic, Aperient, Nutritious, Diuretic, Alterative and Anti-Bilious. The whole is preserved in a sufficient quantity of spirit from the SUGAR CANE to keep them in any climate, which makes the

PLANTATION BITTERS

one of the most desirable Tonics and Cathartics in the world. They are intended strictly as a

Domestic Tonic,

only to be used as a medicine, and always according to directions.

They are the sheet-anchor of the feeble and debilitated. They act upon a diseased liver, and stimulate to such a degree, that a healthy action is at once brought about. As a remedy to which Women are especially subject, it is surpassing every other stimulant. As a Spring and Summer Tonic, they have no equal. They are a mild and gentle Purgative as well as Tonic. They Purify the Blood. They are a splendid Appetizer. They make the weak strong. They purify and invigorate. They cure Dyspepsia, Constipation, and Headache. They act as a specific in all species of disorders which undermine the bodily strength and break down the animal spirits.

Depot, 53 Park Place, New York.

HAGAN'S

Magnolia Balm

A FEW APPLICATIONS MAKE A

Pure Blooming Complexion.

It is Purely Vegetable, and its operation is seen and felt at once. It does away with the Flushed Appearance caused by Heat, Fatigue, and Excitement. Heals and removes all Blotches an Pimples, dispelling dark and unsightly spots. Drives away Tan, Freckles, and Sunburn, and by its gentle but powerful influence mantles the faded cheek with

YOUTHFUL BLOOM AND BEAUTY.

Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Stores. Depot, 53 Park Place, New York.

Andrew Moses,
DRAPER & TAILOR,
CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

EBENSBURG
WOOLEN FACTORY!

HAVING introduced new machinery into our woolen Factory, we are now prepared to manufacture on short notice, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, BLANKETS, FLANNELS of all styles STOCKING YARNS, &c., &c.

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked on shares. Market price paid for wool.

T. M. JONES & SONS.

Ebensburg, Feb. 24, 1872.-tf.

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Steam Engines.

The Best & Most Complete Assortment in the Market.

These Engines have always maintained the very highest standard of excellence. We make the manufacture of Engines, Boilers and Saw Mills a specialty. We have the largest and most complete works of the kind in the country, with machinery specially adapted to the work.

We keep constantly in process large numbers of Engines, which we furnish at the very lowest prices and on the shortest notice. We build Engines specially adapted to Mines, Saw Mills, Grist Mills, Tanneries, Cotton Gins, Threshers and all classes of manufacturing.

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OF THE UNITED STATES.

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HAVING leased and refurnished the above well known and popular hotel, the proprietor is now amply prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. The best that the market affords will be served at the Table at all seasons, the Bar will be kept constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and the commodious Stable will be under the charge of a careful and attentive hostler. No effort will be spared to render guests comfortable and well pleased in every particular, and by proper attention to business and a moderate scale of prices the proprietor hopes to win his way to public favor. (May 2, 1873.-tf.)

GIRLS AND MARRIAGE.

The subject of forming an alliance matrimony is one of more serious is always considered. About to enter or project in life is there so little of reason, or display of judgment, are simply told you must not long ded—that to marry is the only life of a girl; besides it is a sorry she must not give herself any touch and take. It is not, then, a of surprise that there is so much misery, where love, joy and peace abound.

In entering upon this relation life not for a year, or two years, engagement in business. If turely, you may have to spend the der of your days repenting of ness. Some fearing lest they the shady side of eighteen, ungrown, uneducated, unfit in for its cares and responsibilities, business, as your dreams of will too soon break to let you will not tread the air, feed on nectar, and dwell in fairy palaces, treacherous feelings would lead believe. Wait until visionary sobered somewhat into womanly you begin to entangle in the love. If you will do this it will special favor on the teacher—will combat proposals with rhetoric mar—and untold blessings on class. It is a reproach that if fere with it for a moment.

There is so much rashness and priety in connection with this a brief letter cannot even contain conspicuous. Who does not in this department of human not fruitful in wonderful sorrow inconsiderate match-making? A or a few days' acquaintance, is for some girls in which to have selves off. The steps once taken be recalled. The consequences neous decision you will have through the whole of the regret leads to the end of your life. foot, glossy locks, gold-headed perial moustache, lionized wood discover, when too late, do not the substantial creature—the man is your right, privilege and duty.

A wife will sink or rise to the him to whom she has surrendered. His station will be hers—his dishonors her disgraces and honors should be elevated, regard it as that demands your careful attainment, and as a means given for See that the new society of which sesses a reputable position. We a virtue of intrinsic wealth. It compute a component part of the you should regard. If you overit, misery in some form or other inevitable result. A competence ble any and everywhere; but a bundance is not, unless used for noble purposes.

There are several characters enough to warn you against. I presume I address sensible girls be said to be in possession of mind when contemplating the under consideration.) It is not that you should encourage the such as are not employed in some business. The man who has pation should be shunned, because not safe. He may have influence, ty, and have all the appearance usefully employed; but if he has not already acquired a habit try—of supervising—of labor. labor is the king of the world, the refiner of mankind. It produces and elicits respect where the tinsel of magnificent misfortune provoke a sincere expression of

A good understanding and pecuper should be considered, because not be happy with a fool or a would be ashamed to introduce fellow to your friends. You would like him to be seen and if you are would keep him in the background is painful to behold such disparity we look for the sweetest congeniality fop, with his affected elegance of his studied particularity of dress, customed insanity of mind, would you, while the miser or spendthrift extremes of the mean—would subject to unavoidable hardship. Never ment entertain an idea of forming nection that will subject you to a embarrassment. Many girls marry who are as old as their grandfathers sometimes contemporaries of their fathers. This is incongruous. You disapprove of it on the ground it is unnatural. When a girl puts in this position she subjects herself—the commiseration of her friends condition is more to be deplored be an infidel, though possessing every quality, let him pass. You could hope to escape eternal death by association. If there should be love in his moral character, reject him without hesitation. Above all, if addicted to the wine cup, give not a second thought, but flatly, decidedly, firmly, tell him no.

As almost all of you will marry, to negotiate calmly, wisely, with knowledge and direction of your and guardians. Confide the secret—they are your best advisers. Beware of silly, flattering confidants, have not an idea above that of being married, somehow or somehow institution is of Heaven—use it as

RICH BUT FRIENDLESS.—A great money, a great many railroads, Jay Gould mourned at the funeral ace F. Clark, says the New York tears were not to be dumped at and sad faces were few. What a teaches the young and ambitious lay a dead man absolutely worthless soon to be put out of sight, while hours before was valued at eight of dollars, with the reputation attrolling the New York Exchange, it that so few of our rich men have we cannot explain. Even their is scarred and wretched, while as they are mean, suspicious, unmerciful cruel. Is it a fact that riches the system and dry-rot the blood? If none of it can be carried away, isn't it on the whole about as well moderate in desire and satisfied with er fortunes?

LEMON PIE.—Let me send my lemon pie: Three eggs, three three table-spoonsful of corn starch, cups of sugar, one quart of water, little salt. Wet the starch first in water; roll the lemons, cut them open, squeeze out the juice; peel off the and cut fine. Do not use the rind, the juice and pulp to the sugar and Beat the eggs and put them in last, will make five pies with two crusts.

SUN PRINTING ON FRUIT.—Boys girls, this is the method by which to astonish your friends some day by printing their initials on a pear, peach, apple as it hangs on its branch. Before fruit ripens, cut the desired letters in a sheet of thin tough paper; then paste on the side of the fruit most exposed to sun, and when removed from the sun face the letters will be distinctly upon it.